VOL. CCXXII, No. 2891
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JULY 9, 1955

The SPHERE

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Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

'By Birmingham's Town Hall': *from a painting by Clive Uptton*

They think for themselves in the Midlands

BIRMINGHAM is proud to be called 'the business heart of the Midlands', and Birmingham-made articles are being used wherever man has walked.

It is also proud of its University, of its King Edward's School founded in 1552, of its excellent Art Gallery, and its magnificent Town Hall.

This Town Hall, designed by Joseph Hansom, inventor of the cab that bore his name, is famed for its Musical Festivals. Mendelssohn's Elijah was first performed at one of these; and later, in 1840, the great composer himself played on the Hall's wonderful organ.

Midland folk are clear-minded; not guided by what the other man says but by their own sound reasoning and judgment. No wonder that throughout the whole of the Midlands, as in Birmingham itself—a one-wayed wonder to the visiting motorist—the little red Brooke Bond vans are such a familiar sight.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

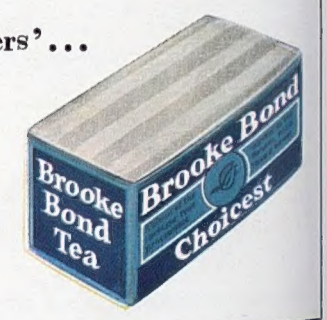
Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond

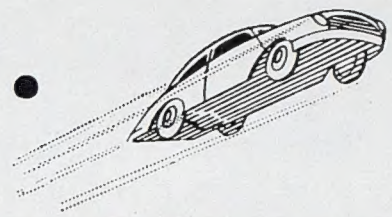
good tea - and FRESH!

Gather 'Wild Flowers'...

In each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets' you will find one of the 'Wild Flowers' picture card series by John Markham, F.R.P.S.



AND NOW . . .



THE FIRST HIGH-AROMATIC FUEL

All the techniques of modern petrols PLUS THE BOOST OF BENZOLE!

The *new* National Benzole Mixture adds the known great benefits of Benzole to a new high-aromatic petrol drawn from the most modern refineries in Great Britain. Aromatics are the key substances in motor spirits—responsible for high anti-knock rating, smooth burning, and maximum mileage per gallon.

Double the Aromatic content

To this new base petrol is added Benzole which is 100% aromatics. The result is a fuel *with double the aromatic content of ordinary premium motor spirits.* This new high-aromatic National Benzole Mixture, with its remarkable anti-knock rating, its greater energy content—giving maximum miles per gallon—*plus* Benzole's long-established startability, meets every requirement of the modern car. It is the most modern of all motor spirits.

THE NEW NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE HIGH-AROMATIC

THE MOST MODERN OF ALL MOTOR SPIRITS

HOME JAMES!

"Tell me, Henry, what d'you think of my new bus?"

"*Fine performance, James. A car ahead of its time. We've touched four miles an hour in top and held it for a hundred yards.*"

"You've no imagination, Henry—"

"*—but the memory of an elephant. I recall you offered me a gin and Rose's Lime Juice three streets ago.*"

"Patience, my friend. When we get home I'll give you a drink I've christened Traveller's Joy. Two-thirds gin, one-third lime juice and a good splash of soda. Long and strong."

"*A cheering thought, James, but I wish you'd bought a helicopter.*"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE
for Gin and Lime

SHORT DRINK : ⅔ *Gin*, ⅓ *Rose's Lime Juice* LONG DRINK : *Fill up with soda*

WHO DOUBTS THESE CONFIDENT EYES?

They're the eyes of a man who knows his job, eyes that reflect years of training and experience, the eyes of a garage fitter—your garage man. Trust him when he tells you the brakes of your car should be checked every 2,500 miles. He's thinking of your safety—and your pocket too, because properly adjusted brake linings last longer.

When, at long last, he has to reline your brakes, he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel as proof of his confidence in the reliability, safety and toughness of Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

See your garage about

FERODO
*** ANTI-FADE Brake Linings**

Expert advice on brakes

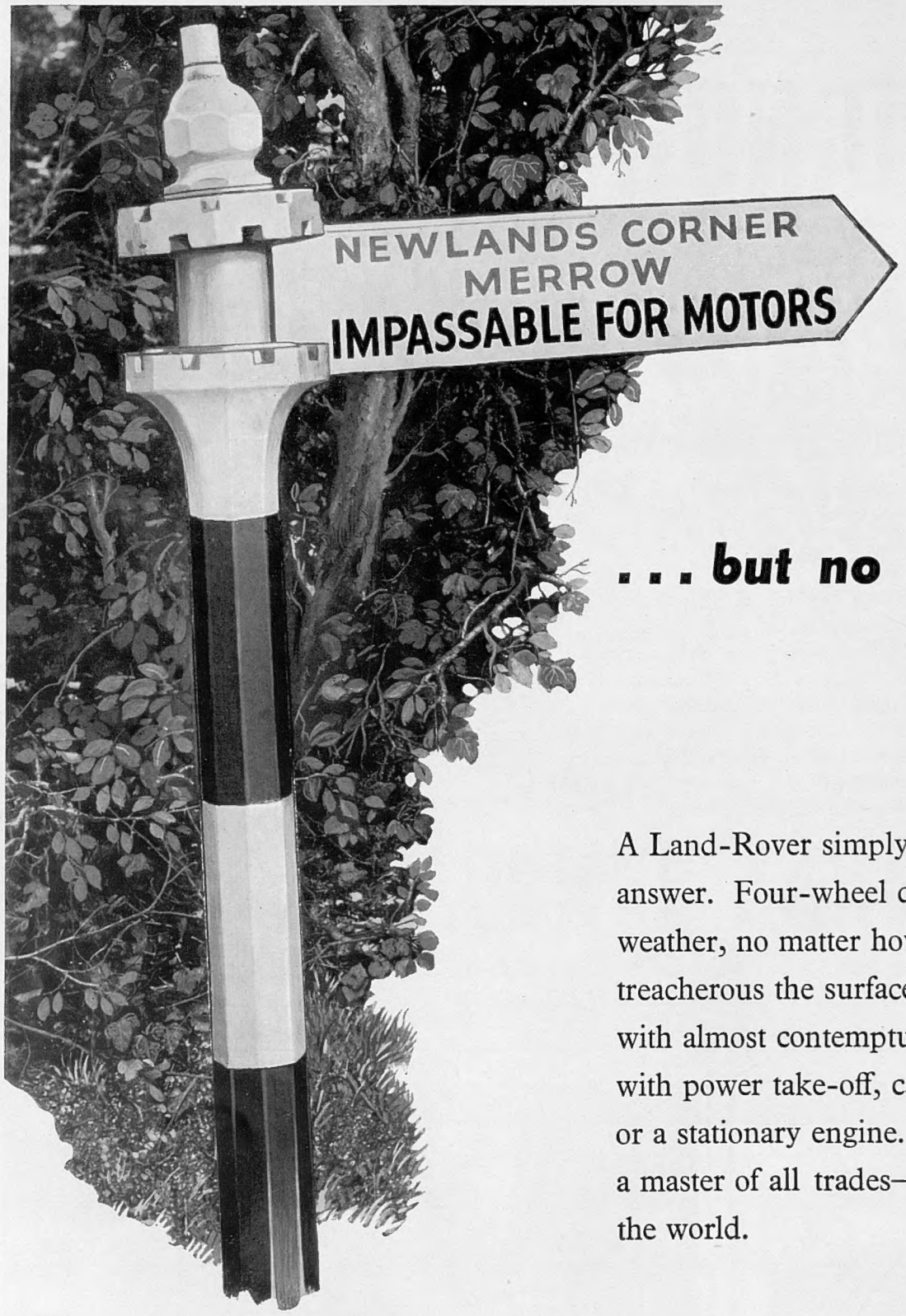
MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST SAVE MONEY

This label PROVES Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings have been fitted.

* WHAT IS BRAKE FADE?

Known to racing men for years, "Fade" is a form of sudden loss of efficiency in brakes after a period of overwork. Your safety, like the racing driver's, lies in Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings—and in giving your garage man a chance to keep a check on your brakes for you.

FERODO LIMITED · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH *A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation*



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- FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE
- 8 SPEEDS FORWARD AND 2 REVERSE
- SPECIAL LONG-LIFE ENGINE FEATURES
- 3 COMFORTABLE CAR-TYPE FRONT SEATS

86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.

LAND-ROVER makes light work of heavy duty

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LTD · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

CVS-129

Volume CCXXII No. 2891 The SPHERE, London, July 9, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

AT THE PALACE OF THE STUART SOVEREIGNS—THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE PALACE OF LINLITHGOW DURING THE ROYAL TOUR OF WEST LOTHIAN : The Royal procession down the Kirkgate after the Queen had visited the Palace, the outer gate of which is seen in the background. Accompanying the Queen is Colonel H. M. Cadell, Lord-Lieutenant of West Lothian, and at the Duke's left walks the Provost of Linlithgow, Mr. J. R. Thomas.

The first week of the Queen's stay at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, in Edinburgh, was rounded off, last Saturday, with a visit to eight burghs in East Stirlingshire and West Lothian. After touring Falkirk, Grangemouth, and Bo'ness the Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, came to the ancient burgh of Linlithgow, whose history goes back to the twelfth century. The Royal party walked up the narrow Kirkgate to the great Palace of Linlithgow, once a favourite home of the Stuart sovereigns and one of the finest palaces in Scotland. It was within the Palace walls that Mary Queen of Scots was born. In the inner courtyard stands a sixteenth-century Gothic fountain, a replica of which is in Holyroodhouse. Last Saturday there flowed what appeared to be wine. This would have created no precedent, for wine flowed freely from the fountain to celebrate festive occasions in 1538, at the marriage of James V, and again in 1745, when Bonnie Prince Charlie was entertained there. But water coloured with a special preparation had perforce to do service on this latest Royal occasion.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

SCARRING ITALY'S ROADS

ADVERTISING ON A BIG SCALE ALONG THE ROADS OF RURAL ITALY : This is one of a series of hoardings advertising the same product, which extends some distance along the road. Further along the road there are more hoardings advertising other products. This system of advertising has been increasing in volume in recent years and in some places has reached gigantic proportions. Many of the hoardings are built in the shape of the product they advertise : giant cars ; outsize bottles of wine or olive oil, and mammoth tins of lubricating oil. Some of the more prominent advertisements are often to be found in commanding positions where the roads bend. It is said that some roads are so densely fenced by hoardings that to drive along such highways is like travelling through a multi-coloured tunnel. On a thirty-mile stretch of road between Milan and Genoa there are reputed to be more than 1,500 hoardings advertising one product alone.

HOARDINGS OF MANY SHAPES AND SIZES : The picture *above* shows the familiar type of hoarding, while that *on right* shows a novel method adopted by the advertiser. As in many other instances along the roads of Italy the hoardings have been built in the shape of the advertised products. In this case, bottles of wine greet the motorist.

OTHER SITES ARE ALSO UTILISED BY THE ADVERTISERS : These hoardings are placed in prominent positions along a stretch of water used by pleasure boats of many descriptions.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 *; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Reaction Against Revolt.—Is it possible that at last the world, uncivilised and so-called civilised, is beginning to show faint signs of a reaction against indiscipline and revolt ? The Mau Mau movement seems to be—though we have been told so before—in the doldrums. The Malayan terrorists made an offer—which was rightly rejected—to come to terms. At home, the recent strikes—which have brought so little benefit to the strikers and so much loss to the nation and to the industries on which all depend for a livelihood—have at least produced some hard thinking and not only by Government, T.U.C. and employers. The subject of industrial unrest has become one of urgent importance second only to that of world peace. World wars invariably unseat human reason. A social revolution is made necessary in the article of waging it. The injustice, misery and brutality implicit in war result in acute forms of nationalism and revolt against any form of discipline ; and the trade booms which, for a long or short period, follow the resumption of world trade encourage the urge by all classes to grab while the going is good. But law and order win in the end. Public opinion is the final dictator. It sets the pace for Governments' actions as a rule. If Governments and the forces of law and order and of public opinion have appeared slow to move, and the loss to civilisation in the last ten years of indiscipline might have been less terrible under more courageous and wiser handling, in the end these truths prevail, on civilised and uncivilised peoples alike. The uncivilised revolutionaries are first to be starved into realisation, but the time comes in civilised democracies when the least responsible throw an eye over a balance sheet of profit and loss and find that human existence in a free-for-all fight is no recipe for prosperity. Without law and discipline and co-operation, humanity cannot hope for a regular, bare bellyful, let alone for higher standards of living. But, in any case, it now seems that the northern dockers have seen the futility of sawing off the branch they sit on, as a means of deciding internal differences and saving face.

Modern Valentino.—President Tito is the modern Valentino. The great nations tumble over themselves to gain his favours. If Russia pays a morning call on him with a basket of roses, the Western admirers are on his doorstep next day with orchids. If he should return Russia's courtesy call, he knows that he must find time for similar pressing invitations from the West. To be a Valentino and to keep one's ardent fans sweet, require the greatest tact and patience and perhaps inconvenience, more especially if Valentino has an open mind and is not quite sure which among his fans is most likely to serve his ambitions. "How happy could I be with either were t' other dear charmer away," may be the song he hums in his bath. On the other hand, as he skilfully steers his way among the rivals for his favours, he may list the advantages of the bachelor state and resolutely roar out : "They can't catch me." As for the rival fans, their jealous pursuit may be the "new diplomacy," but it lacks some of the dignity of the old. Anyway, it must tickle the vanity and stimulate the sense of humour of Tito and Belgrade.

Dolts on the Bench.—The columnist editor of a Sunday Sensational has long made it his mission to expose abuses, and he drives on with the good work despite occasional set-backs. Among others of our faulty institutions which he keeps a sharp eye on, the doings and decisions of the lay magistrature are in the forefront. There are hundreds of these courts spread over the country, and between them they clean up about 90 per cent. of the criminal business of the country. Sometimes he finds that the justices are mere pawns of the police, sometimes of the justices' clerks. At other times he trounces them for taking the bit between their teeth. But his chief card is the inconsistency of their fines. He finds that a motorist charged with speeding in a built-up area in Nottingham is fined £2, another at Kingston on the same day, £10. Here is a scandal of inconsistency ! What he doesn't take the trouble to find out is that the Nottingham defendant had a clean licence, while the past record of the Kingston offender proved, after conviction, that this offence was the fourth of the same kind within a year. I am sure, since he has taken this important institution under his wing in the public interest, he is well served by agents, since he cannot be in 100 places at one time. But he should arrange with his agents to supply him with more precise information about the cases they bring to his notice. Otherwise the public may suspect that *any* donkey will do to exercise his big stick. He asks : "Why bother to have magistrates at all ?" But where would his column be without us ?

"Of Those Three Hundred. . . ."—After a lapse of 2,500 years a fine memorial to Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, who opposed the Persian hordes, has been unveiled by King Paul. It is the gift of Greek-born Americans, and it looks a lovely work of art. I cannot believe that it is the first effort to commemorate in stone or metal that glorious feat of arms. But, if it be so, it only goes to prove the human memory and tradition can be more enduring than bronze. Fights against desperate odds need no other memorial than posterity's undying tribute. Both Horatius on his bridge, Grenville and his *Revenge*, whether or no these feats and others like them have their memorials in visual form, they are certain of their legendary survival in posterity. Of course the poets and prose writers seize on such themes of minority heroism, and perhaps poetry and prose can be more deathless than sculpture. Certainly Macaulay, Tennyson and Byron have assisted human memory as regards the "incidents" named, but whether the minority was three, fifty-three or three hundred, I fancy posterity would have remembered them unaided as nursery rhymes and rustic lore are remembered, handing on from generation to generation. The fight is still on. The brave minority is still needed. Here in this country and all over the world of nations the cry and the prayer still go up :—

"Of those 300 grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ."

It is by example that the fight must be won, and to-day rather by example in restraint and discipline, than by disciplined force of arms—a fight which requires no less a degree of courage and is likely to be no less desperate. Of late, the successes of minorities, all the world over, for the reason that they have been undisciplined and purely selfish, have not merited memorials in poetry or bronze. They are better forgotten.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BEDFORD COLLEGE

THE QUEEN MOTHER MEETS A STUDENT FROM BURMA : Her Majesty seen in conversation with Miss Khinimama (in national costume during her visit to Bedford College for Women, in London. On the left is the College Principal, Dr. N. L. Penston. The Queen Mother was visiting the college to unveil a plaque in memory of Queen Mary, who was a Patron of the College from 1913 to 19[illegible]. During her tour of the grounds the Queen Mother, who succeeded the late Queen Mary as Patron, spoke to several of the students.

Lord's Test.—The second Test Match was cricket at its best. Year after year, I take a day to watch the first day's play of this Lord's Test Match. The scene set is very much the same every year. Always of late years it has surprised me that in a time of full employment there should be so few gaps in the built-up arena on a full working day. Just a patch or two of parallel white, barely revealed space still on the mound. In the pavilion, comfortably full, the only change is the inevitable one—fewer familiar faces, as I grow older. Or perhaps to-day it is my contemporaries who form the hard core of employment and take no unauthorised days off. It was a quite perfect day to watch cricket, balmy and without glare, and I bore with philosophy England's disastrous start. I thought it healthy and stimulating. So, also, the visitors' fielding. They carry to great lengths the new technique of titivating the ball. They throw back to the bowler *via* (even) the outfieldsmen, each of whom rubs it on his bottom or his forearm. The must increase by a little the length of an over. But clearly there would be time and to spare for a finish and no reason to curtail a piece of modern flummery. I enjoyed my annual one-day strike—if you can call it so, for I wrote these lines in the pavilion—for personal record, not to be "first with the news

But actually during the whole day I saw but four shots played to flutter the heart—two by Barrington and two by Wardle. This Test Match is now old cricket history. It was a really jolly game, with plenty of ups and downs, with bowlers in control and batsmen in control alternately, and a fast wicket throughout, which suited Statham and Heine. If it did not use up all the time allotted to it, I think it must have cheered the Lord's authorities both as a sound financial proposition and a good augury for further public support for Test cricket.

Carnival of Sport.—It is pleasant and wholesome occasionally to relax and forget for a week or so the sombre details of political and industrial relations; and there is no better time in the year for doing so in England than in the latter half of June and the first week of July. For then this old country is host to the whole world's sporting aces and stages such a carnival of sport as no other nation can rival. It is now that T.V. comes into its own, for we "can't be everywhere," even if we can find time to be anywhere. Even the last ditcher, opposed to modern gadgets, is glad to get a peep at the 'ooves of the 'orses, and lawn tennis on T.V. gives you *something*. For racing I never much cared, at any rate flat-racing, nor for rowing. I was for long an ardent Wimbledon-fan and polo-fan also. Now I find that the slower the game, the more I enjoy watching it. Lawn tennis has given me a permanent ping-pong eye, and I have come to feel about polo that the game is always played on the far side of the ground. I don't think it is because modern aces in various sports nowadays do their stuff with such perfection that I grow bored with their fireworks. After all, top-grade golf is the nearest thing we get to certainty of perfection. It 's all a question of whether the ace achieves sixty-nine or seventy-one. But whatever be the cause (and I think it is *slowness* of action), I have gone back to the old love and would rather watch leisurely cricket—high or humble—than any other sport; and (perhaps because I have seen so little of it) I seed top-grade golf as Number 2 in my list of preferences. Neither of these games strains my ageing eye or raises my blood pressure. Sometimes, if I am patient, my patience is rewarded by a masterstroke.

Roses All the Way.—It must be rare to find the London summer sales raging before the strawberries begin to grow red or the peas swell in country gardens. Time was when English strawberries, *not* grown under cloches, obliged for the 4th June at Eton, and when ladies scrambled for their winter furs in mid-July at earliest. But if these phenomena go to show a world out of joint, and seasons gone haywire, here in Sussex my modest demands for a taste of summer have not been disappointed. We have had plenty of sunshine and a modest supply of rain at night. We have not had to cancel our outdoor fixtures and we have often had tea and other meals out of doors—a pleasant return to old-fashioned summer practice. No doubt, our farmers and gardeners need more dry weather to finish with the hay harvest and to curtail the remarkable exuberance of weeds. But I think we have been unusually lucky. It 's a different story in the Midlands, which have been abnormally wet, and in the north-east of Scotland, where drought has prevailed. If it has proved a summer of weeds, it has been also a summer of roses. It was roses, roses all the way on a journey through Berkshire to Oxford to attend the Trinity–St. John's celebrations; and perhaps the very best of the roses were at journey's end in Trinity's beautiful rose-garden in front of the library. But there is no rose (or few) without its thorn, and Oxford's traffic problem wrings my heart. It is depressing to find that, if you wish to attend a party in the Broad, even if you arrive early, you must park your car well on the way to Banbury. Nor, I fear, will any final scheme to relieve the High and Carfax do much to improve parking facilities in Oxford.

A Hero and a Mystery at Three Years Old.—John Johnson to-day is a citizen of credit and renown. Aged three, he has proved his toughness, having given no hint of it hitherto in all the years of his life. For three days and nights he wandered across Salisbury Plain, sleeping "among the flowers" or in a tree, climbing hills, playing with animals and "being in a car." How did he survive? Did he fast for sixty-four hours? The police are convinced that he was wandering at his own sweet will all the time, although the reference to "being in a car" throws some doubt on that. The mystery of this Kaspar Hauser will probably remain a mystery, for John, as tough guys often are, is a man of few words and those not chosen for lucidity. He is sure of a warm reception in Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, and perhaps the citizens will raise a memorial to him in his lifetime for proving the sterling worth of Stirling boyhood.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

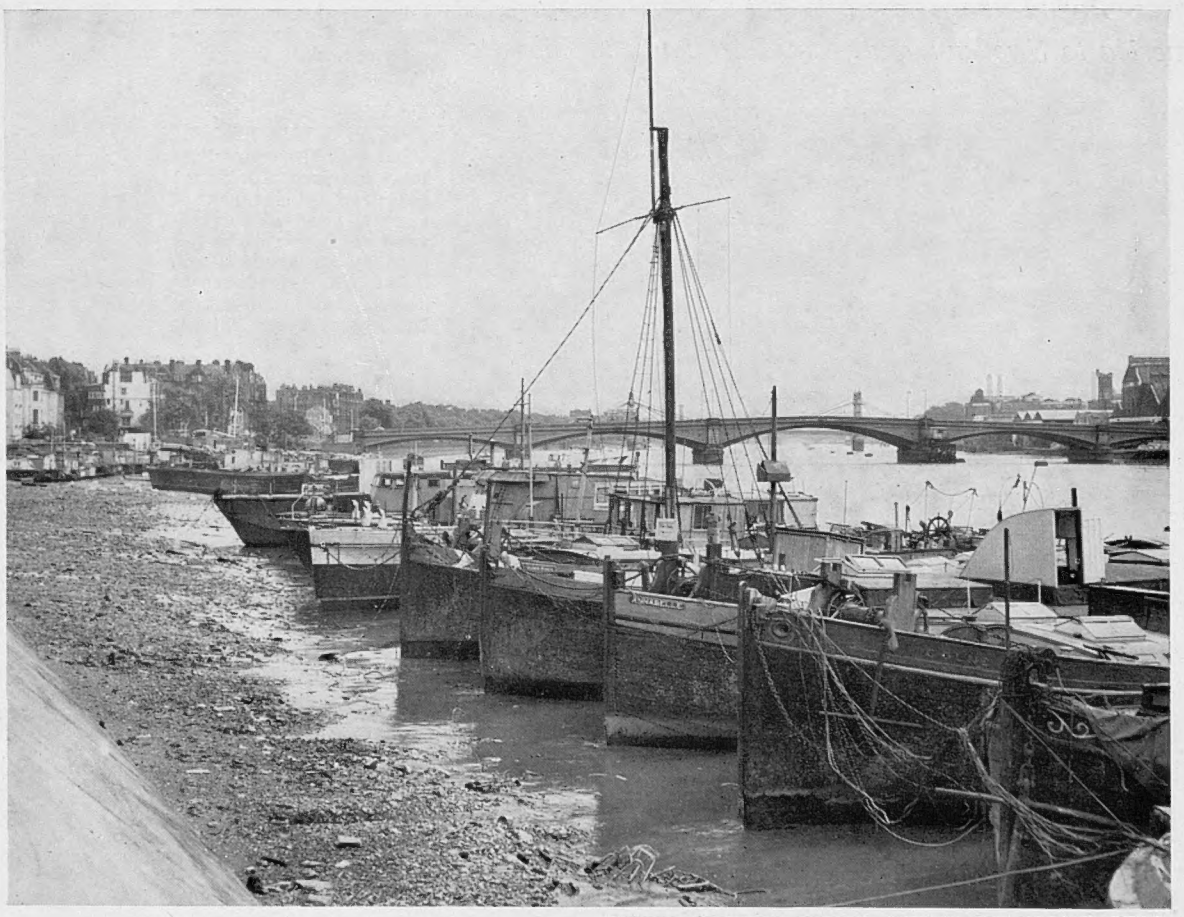
THE AUSTIN JUBILEE

Pictures of To-day's Fiftieth Anniversary Celebrations, with a Special Article by

"THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

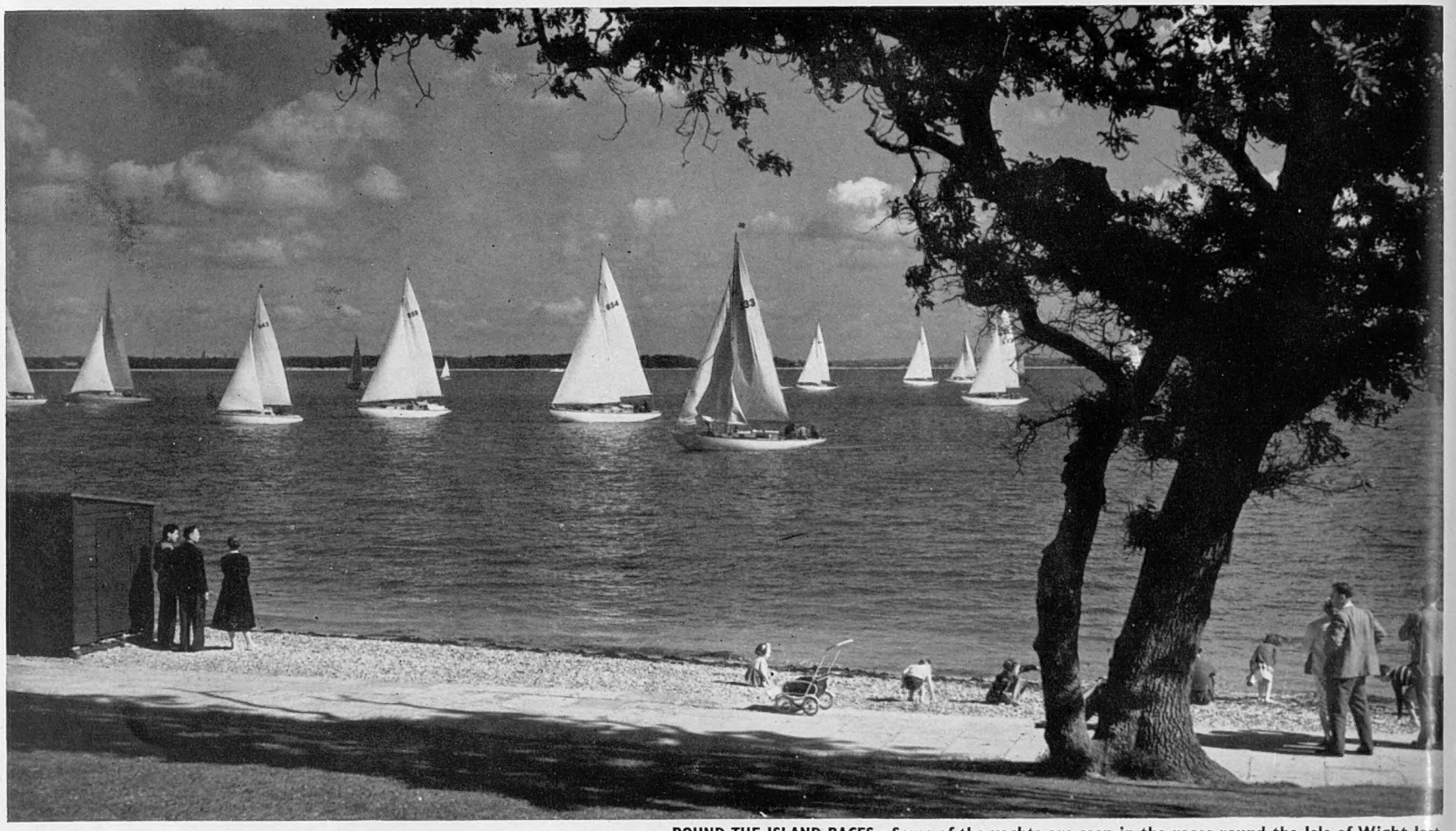
CONTRASTS IN CHELSEA—FENCING IN THE TOWN HALL; HOUSEBOATS BY THE RIVER

AN INTERNATIONAL FENCING COMPETITION IN LONDON: At the Town Hall in Chelsea, two British competitors, C. Perebski and R. Cooperman, are fencing in the International Sabre Competition for the Corble Memorial Cup. There were fifty-two entrants: forty-two from Great Britain, six from Hungary and two each from France and the Netherlands. The winner was A. Gerevich, of Hungary. Another Hungarian, R. Karpati, came second, and R. Cooperman was third. The Corble Memorial Cup is named after the famous sabreur, A. Corble.



CHELSEA BOROUGH COUNCIL DISCUSS THE THAMES RIVERSIDE HOUSEBOATS AND URGE THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY TO ENSURE THAT NO MORE BOATS ARE MOORED AT CHELSEA REACH: The appearance of the colony of houseboats moored on the foreshore opposite Cheyne Walk has been criticised by some members of Chelsea Council. Most of the boats are privately owned, but the moorings are controlled by Chelsea Yacht and Boat Company. The criticism was made when the Company applied for permission to use a gap in the river wall to replace existing access. The Council rejected the application and decided to ask the Company and the P.L.A. to alleviate the unsatisfactory sanitary arrangements; to improve the appearance of the boats and to ask that no further craft be moored at the Reach. It was pointed out that there had been an increase of twenty boats since 1949. Despite the Council's refusal, some members spoke in support of the houseboats.

On left—
WASHING DAY AT CHELSEA REACH: Another view showing more houseboats which extend close to Battersea bridge.



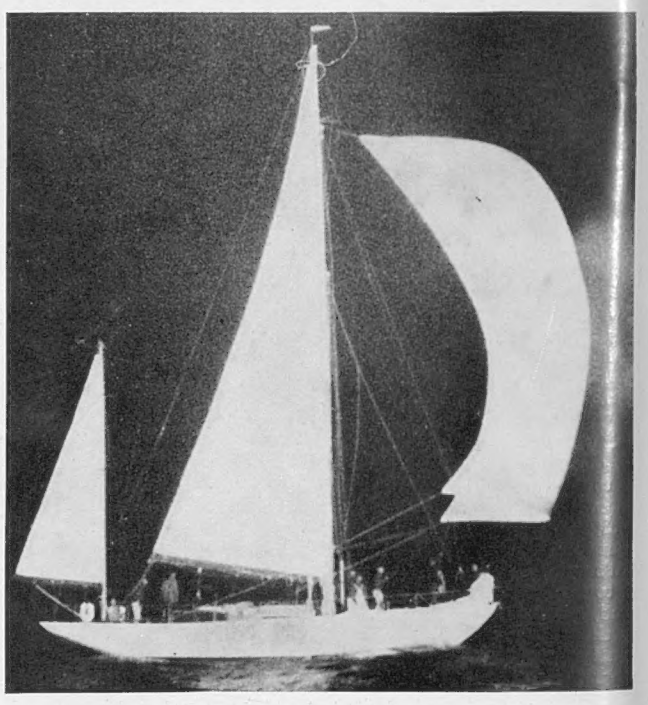
ROUND THE ISLAND RACES : Some of the yachts are seen in the races round the Isle of Wight last week-end. The number of starters—150—was a record. They were divided into three classes. The majority raced for the Gold Cup, which was in turn divided into three divisions. Division I was won by *Norlethe*, Division II by *Lothian* (Cup Winner) and Division III by *Mitsouka*. In the Junior Offshore Group, *Dante* was victorious. In the Crankshaw Trophy, *Bacchante* won.

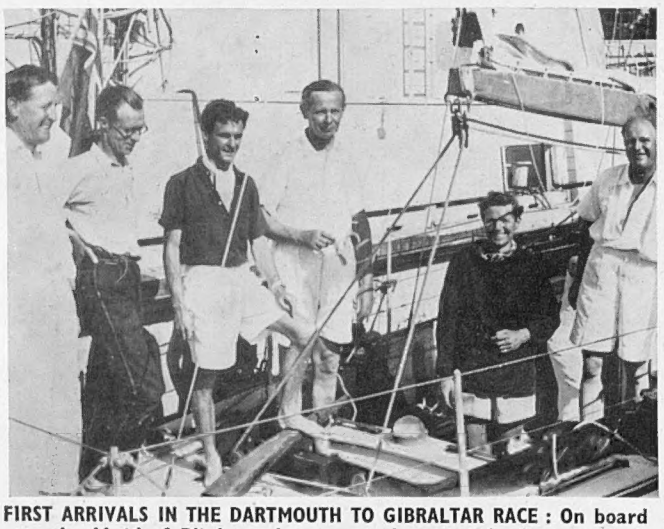
YACHTS ON THE OCEANS

Races Round the Isle of Wight; 3,450 miles from America to Sweden; and from Dartmouth to Gibraltar

On left—
FIRST IN A TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING : The crew of the American yacht *Carina* are pictured in Marstrand, Sweden, after winning the trans-ocean race which had started from Rhode Island, U.S.A. The prize was the King of Sweden Silver Cup. There were seven entries.

On right—
THE END OF A 3,450-MILE VOYAGE : The transatlantic winner *Carina* arrives by night at Marstrand. This year was the first King of Sweden Cup race since 1935 and it marked the 125th anniversary of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. The yachts had favourable winds over the Atlantic crossing.





FIRST ARRIVALS IN THE DARTMOUTH TO GIBRALTAR RACE : On board the *Maid of Pligh* are her crew, who were the first to reach Gibraltar : From the left are Mr. R. E. Smith, the vessel's owner ; Mr. Frank Phillips ; Mr. Bruce A. Carson ; Colonel Gordon Cable ; Mr. Roger Greenwell and Mr. Richard Senn.

On right—
TWO MILES FROM THE FINISHING LINE : The 14-ton sloop, *Maid of Pligh*, sails into the northern entrance to Admiralty Harbour, Gibraltar. At this point she had only two more miles to go before she finished her racing voyage from Dartmouth.

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

The Largest Warship and the Smallest Aircraft in the World; Fifty Years of the R.N. College at Dartmouth; Commemorating the Merchant Navy War Dead

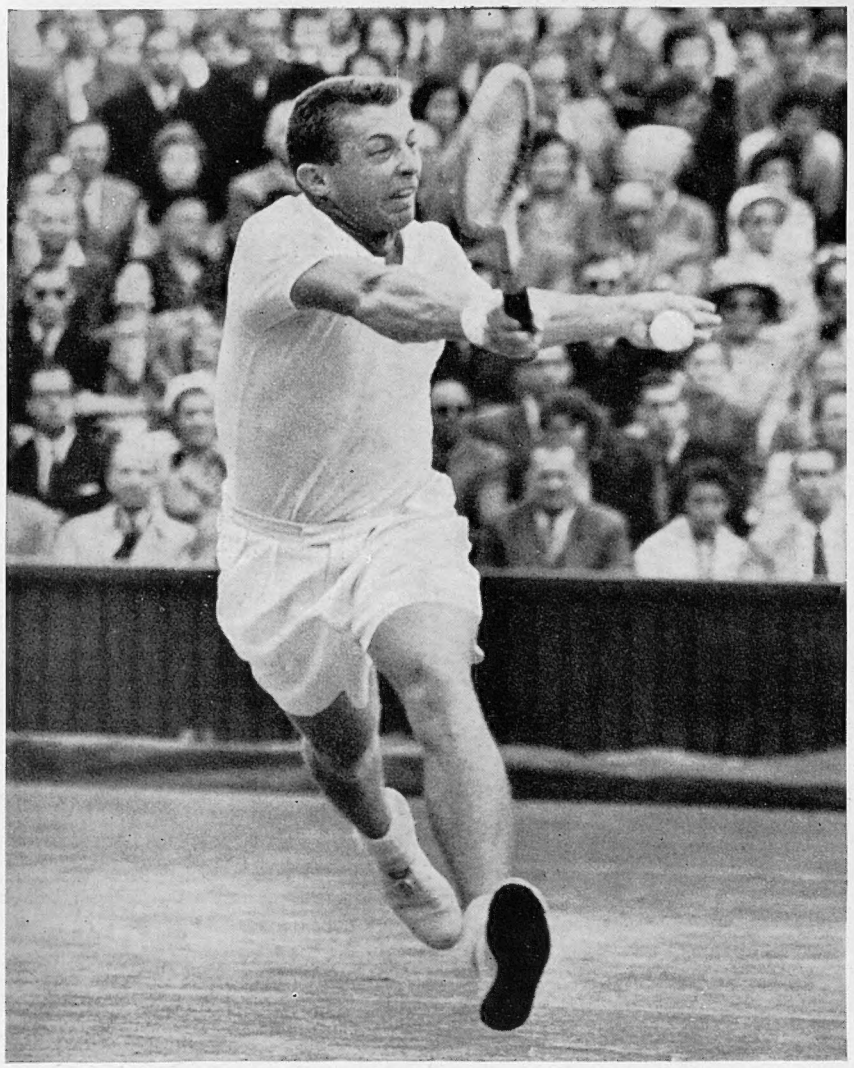
Below—

THE SIMPLE ART OF LEVITATION: That American aeronautical research is gradually catching up with the arts of Eastern mystics is exemplified by this picture. The "pilot" is standing on a jet of compressed air which is fed from the hose passing between his feet. He wears a parachute harness which is connected to an overhead rope should anything unexpected happen. This small flying platform has been built as a simplified research model by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at its Langley laboratories. It is intended that it should play a small part in the research on very small flying craft which are controlled merely by the rider shifting his weight slightly. It is not intended that this research model should be developed into a "motor-cycle of the skies," because already larger and much more advanced machines have been built and flown. Notable among these aircraft is the Hiller ducted fan which was illustrated in THE SPHERE last April. The N.A.C.A. model is being used to iron out small snags encountered in the larger aircraft.

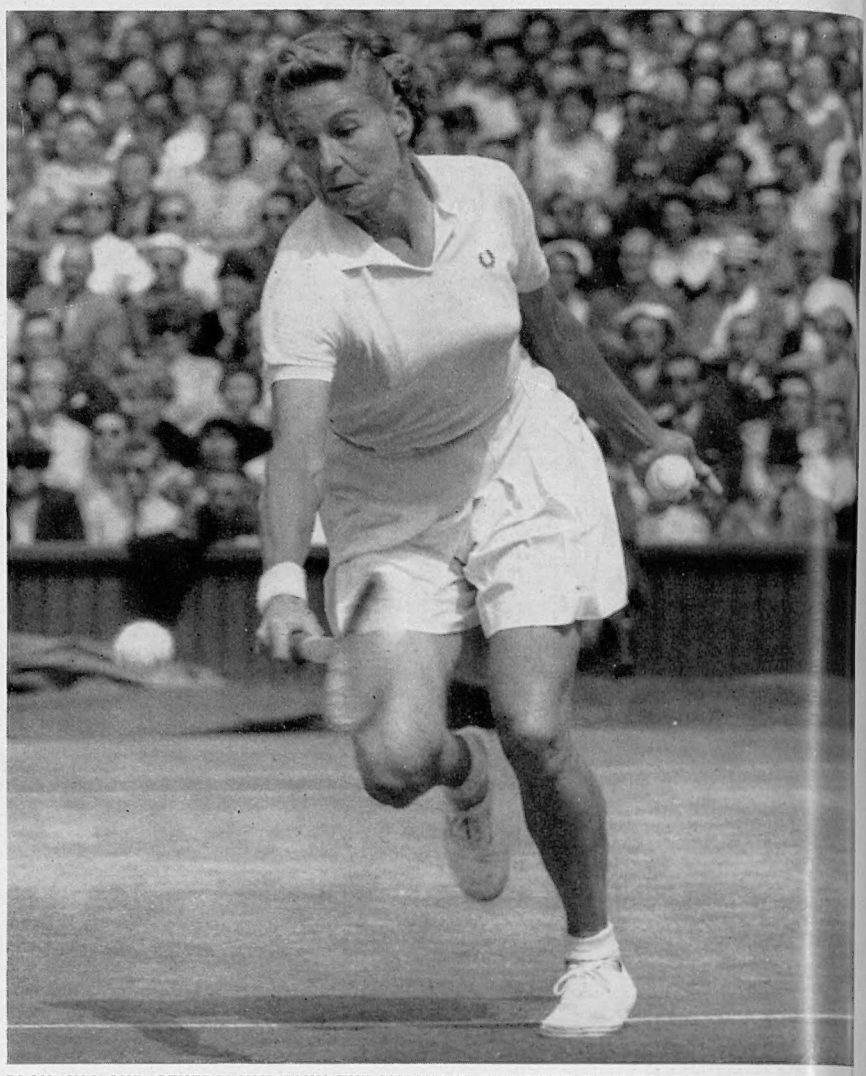
A SISTER FOR THE "FORRESTAL" TAKES SHAPE: The first of a series of 10-ton keel plates is lowered adroitly on to steel blocks at the United States Naval shipyard at Brooklyn. The aircraft-carrier under construction will be named the *Independance* and will be the fourth vessel in the Forrestal class—the biggest aircraft-carriers in the world. The first of the class, the U.S.N. *Forrestal*, was launched last December and two others are in process of building. The ships displace 60,000 tons, have an overall length of 1,046 ft. and are 240 ft. across the beam. This makes them the longest and widest ships ever to be built. Each aircraft-carrier will be able to carry 100 planes capable of delivering nuclear weapons. Much criticism has been levelled at the Forrestal class of ships: it is claimed that their size will make them particularly vulnerable in a modern war, but the current thought in America is that despite their size, the ships will be very hard to find in a large ocean. The class also carries a formidable armament of fast and accurate guided missiles capable of dealing with any weapons "now on the drawing-board or even on the horizon."

CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BRITANNIA ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH: Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, Third Sea Lord, takes the salute at the march-past during Sunday Divisions. He is accompanied by officers and instructors of the college. Last Saturday the guest of honour at a dinner for about 250 past and present staff officers and masters was Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty. Since it opened in 1905 about 11,000 cadets have been trained at the Dartmouth College.

COMMEMORATING THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT NAVY WHO DIED IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: The Queen has arranged to unveil this Merchant Navy memorial on November 5. It stands on Tower Hill, just in front of the Port of London Authority building, and backs on to the Merchant Navy memorial of the First World War. The new memorial is the work of Charles Wheeler.



THE DETERMINATION AND CONCENTRATION WHICH GAINED TRABERT THE CHAMPIONSHIP: The muscles are tensed as T. Trabert, of the United States, runs in to play a shot against K. Nielsen, of Denmark, whom he beat in the singles final 6—3, 7—5, 6—1.

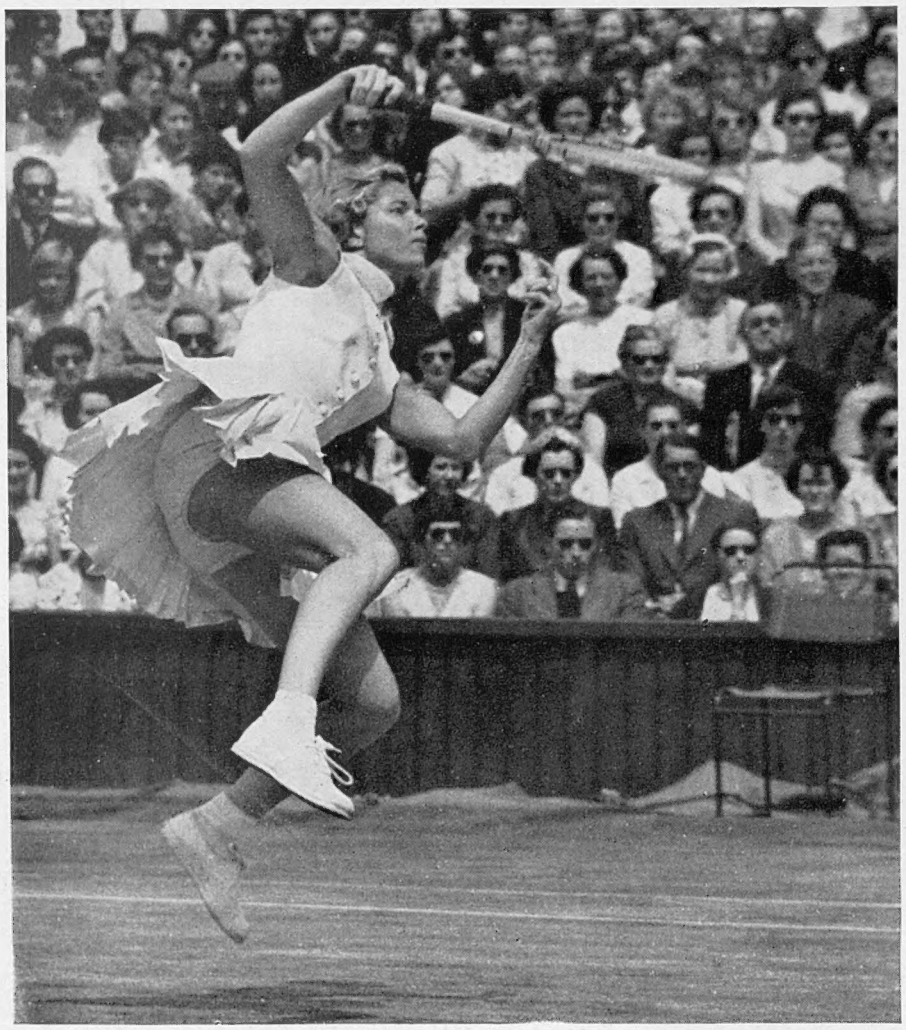


PLANNING AND GENERALSHIP WIN THE WOMEN'S TITLE FOR MISS BROUGH: With her eyes the ball, Miss Louise Brough is about to make a back-hand return to Mrs. Fleitz in t final of the women's singles. Miss Brough won to gain her fourth Wimbledon singles ti

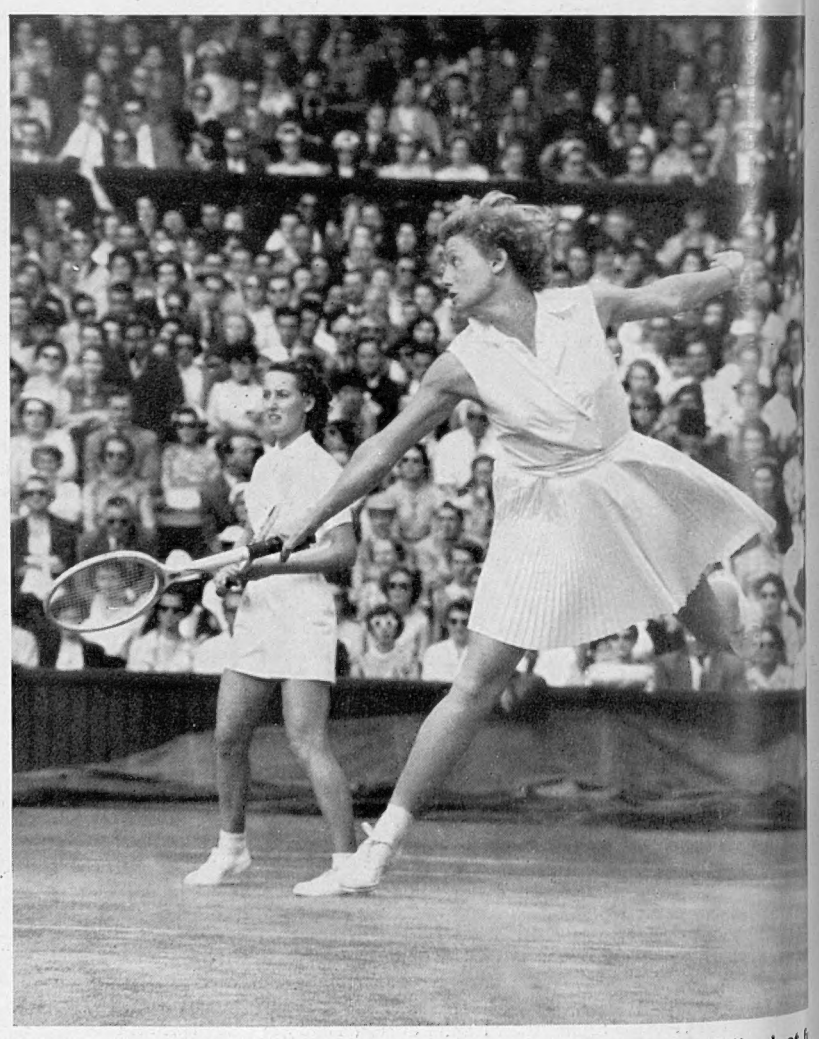
Statistics can be misleading, but the manner in which T. Trabert won the Wimbledon championship by beating K. Nielsen in the final makes impressive reading. In the seven matches the young American played before he could receive the championship trophy from the Duchess of Kent last week, Trabert did not lose a single set. Furthermore, in the twenty-one sets played he lost only sixty games. Obviously a champion cannot be measured by statistics, but there can be no doubt that Trabert will rank as one of the most impressive winners of Wimbledon. If his speed in covering the court and his powerful volleying remain the outstanding memories of the 1955 champion, his concentration and determination, which allowed no time for court mannerisms were perhaps his greatest attribute. In the women's singles Miss Louise Brough won her fourth singles title when she played one of her cleverest games to beat Mrs. Fleitz. Miss Brough was content to wear her younger opponent down with base-line tactics, and emerged the winner by a narrow margin after the best women's final for a long time.

WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONS

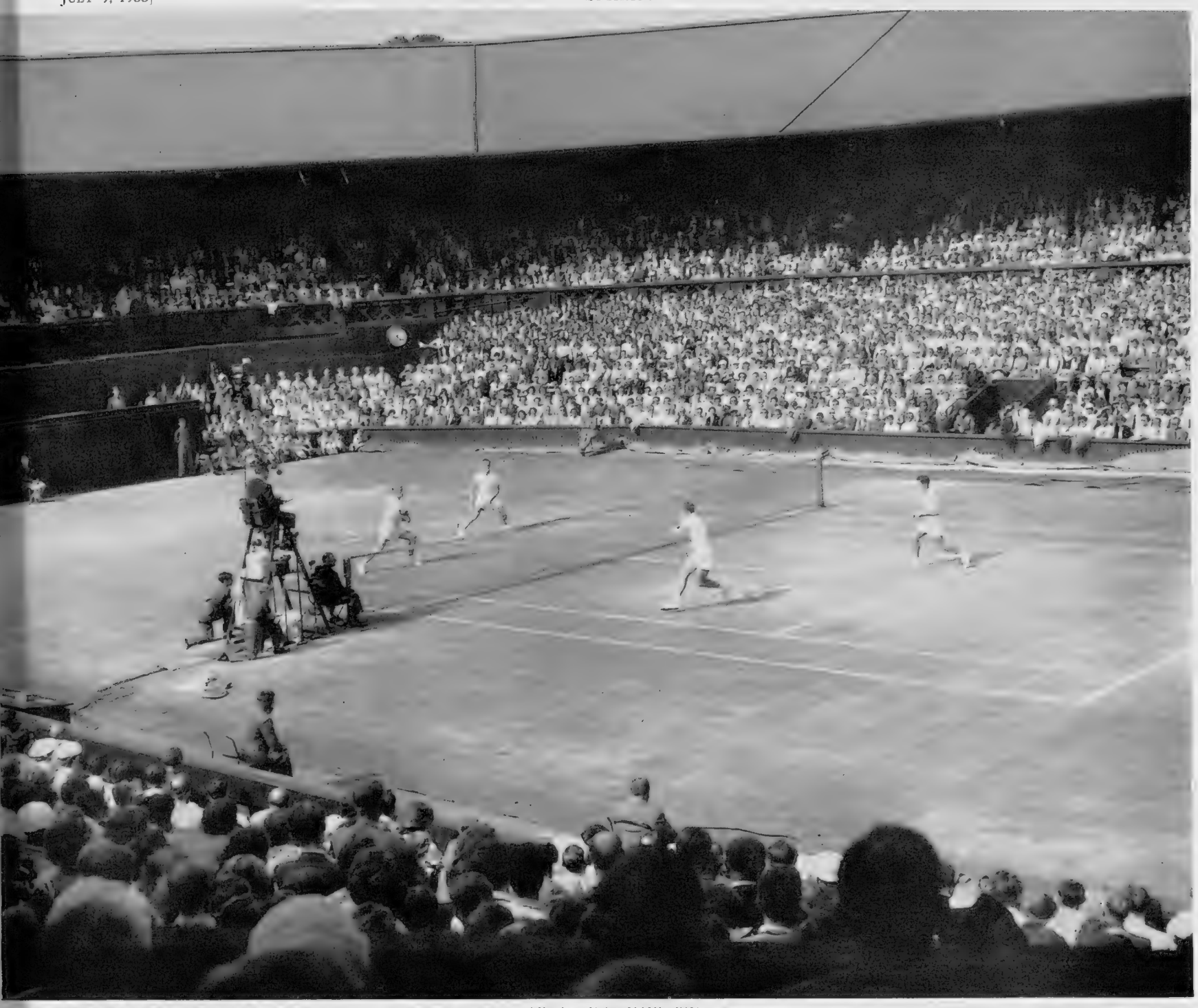
The Finals of the Lawn Tennis Championships at the All-England Club Produced American Triumphs in the Singles and All-Australian and English Matches in the Doubles



THE HOUSEWIFE FROM CALIFORNIA, WHO MADE A GALLANT ATTEMPT IN HER FIRST FINAL: Mrs. Beverley Baker Fleitz leaps high to make an overhead smash during her match against Miss Brough. In one of the best finals since the war, she lost 5—7, 6—8. Mrs. Fleitz is ambi-dextrous, and dispenses with a backhand by using either hand to produce forehand drives.



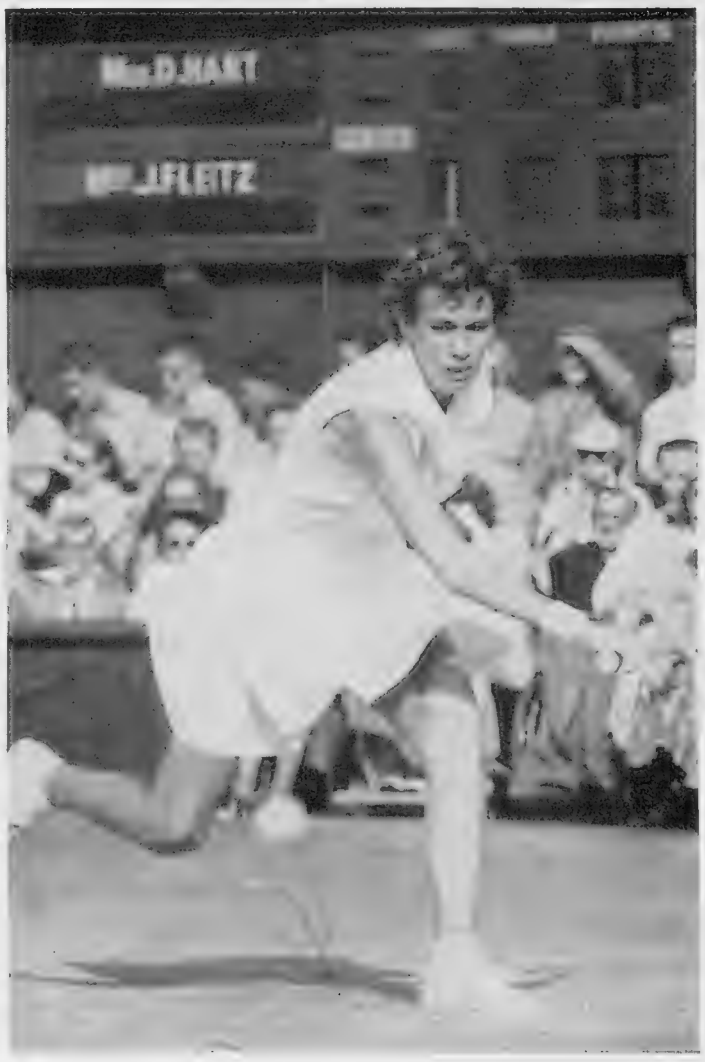
WINNERS OF THE FIRST TITLE TO GO TO BRITAIN SINCE 1937: Miss Ann Shilcock at f stretch to make a backhand return during the final of the women's doubl Watching her is Miss Angela Mortimer. They defeated another British pa Miss Bloomer and Miss Ward, to win Britain's first Wimbledon title in eighteen yea



THE ALL-AUSTRALIAN FINAL IN THE DOUBLES : A view of the Centre Court during the match. Nearest the camera, left, N. A. Fraser has just played the ball into the net. Looking on are his partner, K. R. Rosewall, and on the other side of the net L. A. Hoad (left) and R. N. Hartwig. Hartwig and Hoad won the doubles in straight sets, 7—5, 6—4, 6—3. Last year Hartwig had won the doubles with M. Rose, also of Australia. This is the seventh time in the ten years since the war that an Australian pair has won the Wimbledon doubles title.

On left and right—

A CONSOLATION WIN FOR V. SEIXAS AND MISS DORIS HART IN THE MIXED DOUBLES : This American pair beat E. Morea (Argentina) and Miss Brough in the final, 8—6, 2—6, 6—3. In many ways this was one of the most popular wins of the tournament, for both Seixas and Miss Hart, who had been expected to go far in their singles and doubles championship matches, were surprisingly put out at comparatively early stages. The match was a special triumph for Miss Hart, who thus shares in this title for the fifth successive year, and for the third time running in partnership with Seixas.



DRAGON BOAT RACES IN PROGRESS : One of the qualifying heats of the annual Dragon Boat Race held at Kennedy Town, Hong Kong, last month. Each boat is manned by forty-two oarsmen, together with a coxswain and a drum-banger and comforter, who generally stand amidships. Thousands of people gathered on launches and boats to watch the Luen Ip Tong crew win the final for the second year in succession. The Governor of Hong Kong was among the spectators from the shore.

HONG KONG'S HENLEY

Two European Crews were Among Those Competing in the Annual Colourful Dragon Boat Races

On the fifth day of the fifth moon in the Chinese lunar calendar, all who live on boats in Hong Kong pay tribute to the memory of a Chinese patriot, Chu Yuan, who was drowned some 2,200 years ago. Their commemoration of this event takes the form of Dragon Boat Races, which this year took place at the end of last month. There were, in fact, two regattas in the colony. At Kennedy Town the real experts took part—six boats with their crews of forty-two, complete with coxswain and drum-banger competed for the prizes presented by the Governor. At Taipo there was an almos equally large crowd present to see two boats, manned by Europeans, compete in th races. These had only crews of twelve oarsmen, but they acquitted themselves well Wearing brilliant red and white, and red and blue colours, and the uncomplimentar names of their teams—Foreign Devils and Devil Fellows—on the back of their stra hats they added a peculiarly European brightness to a scene of Oriental gaiety

A EUROPEAN CREW SHOWS ITS PROWESS : The Fan Kwai (Foreign Devils) crew in its sampan at the regatta at Taipo. These amateur Dragon boatmen, wearing colourful shirts, gave great entertainment.

A PRELIMINARY TRIAL OF STRENGTH : All six Dragon boats take part in their preliminary skirmish at Kennedy Town over the 1,600-yards race. This gave the excited spectators an opportunity of seeing all the competitors rowing together. Later they were split into two heats.

THE REWARD OF THE VICTORS : From the balcony of the building of the Chung Sing Benevolent Society the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Alexander Grantham, presents a victory banner to one of the winning team.

IMPROVING LONDON'S DRAINAGE

A New Extension at the Northern Outfall Works at Beckton, Essex, is Opened in the Centenary Year of London's Main Drainage Service

UP to a hundred years ago some 2,500,000 Londoners used the River Thames both for their main sewer and as the source of the greater part of their water supply. It was the need for an efficient system of drainage that led to the creation, in 1855, of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Later the London County Council came to take over its responsibilities for London's drainage, and £20,000,000 has been invested in constructing and improving the system. Now another great capital development is under way which, when completed, will have cost £14,000,000.

The completion of an important stage of this work was marked last week by a ceremony at the Northern Outfall at Beckton, Essex, when the Minister of Housing and Local Government, Mr. Duncan Sandys, brought into operation the new primary sedimentation tanks capable of treating 200,000,000 gallons of sewage a day. Among the uncompleted projects near by which the Minister was able to see was the £1,000,000 power-house, which will house eight gas turbines using methane gas extracted from the sludge, which will provide air-blowers for the diffused air plant and electricity for the Outfall Works. This is one of the imaginative projects which will make the London County Council's sewage works, when finished, the largest in Europe, and perhaps in the world.

AT THE OUTFALL WORKS AT BECKTON : A view of the supply channel at the Northern Outfall works of the London County Council's drainage system. In the foreground are the penstocks. An important stage has been reached in the £14,000,000 expansion programme for London's main drainage system, and this was marked by the ceremony last week in which Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Housing and Local Government, participated.

On left—

THE NEW PRIMARY SEDIMENTATION TANKS : These have a total capacity of 20,000,000 gallons and are capable of treating 200,000,000 gallons of London's sewage daily.

WHERE SAND AND GRIT ARE EXTRACTED FROM THE SLUDGE : This operation is carried out at the detritus works. Every year 1,777,150 tons of sludge are sent out to sea by the L.C.C.'s drainage service.

REMOTE CONTROL FROM THE NEW SCREEN HOUSE : In this building is housed the panel for operating by remote control the opening and closing of the penstocks and cloughs. These in turn, govern the rate of flow of the sewage along the main channels at the outfalls.

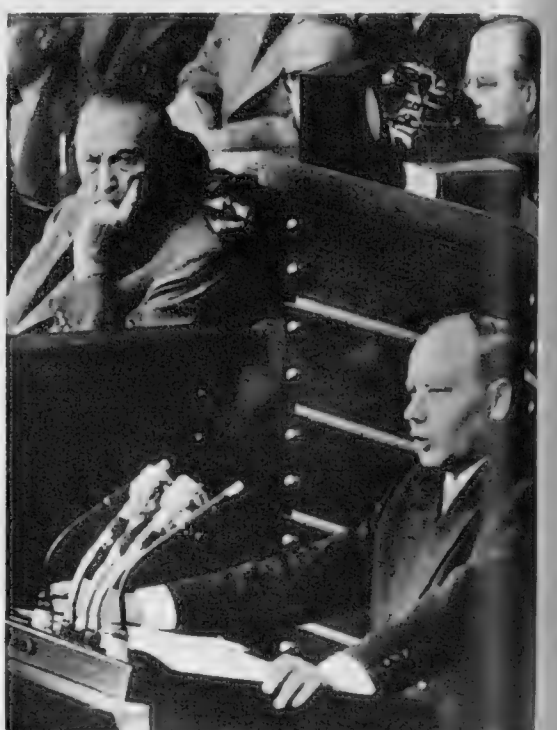
AFTER PROCESSING IN THE SEDIMENTATION TANKS : The outflow from these tanks escapes into a channel. The work of improvement on the Northern and Southern Outfalls is due to be completed by 1962.

FOREIGN SURVEY

A COMMENTARY IN PICTURES ON NEWS EVENTS IN THE FAR EAST, AMERICA, AND EUROPE

KOREA'S MONKS COME TO TOWN TO DEMONSTRATE : Buddhist monks are seen joining in the demonstrations in Seoul to protest against the Indian Government's decision not to return Korean prisoners of war who had originally refused repatriation. But the monks had also come to the Korean capital with domestic troubles of their own.

It was an astute move on the part of the celibate monks of South Korea to join in one of the many Government-sponsored protest marches organised in Seoul last month. For the 500 monks—and 160 celibate nuns—were depending on President Syngman Rhee to support their cause against some 5,000 married monks. The celibates claim that the married monks have no right to be the priests in the temples of South Korea, and the Government supported them, giving the married monks notice to quit by the end of last month. The married Buddhists, however, stayed put, so 200 celibates—half of them women—came to the capital to put their case more forcibly and gain public support. In the Cho-ke Temple, one of the few impressive buildings left in Seoul, they began a hunger strike. There they were surprised by a small army of married monks, armed with clubs. Weakened by their fasting, the celibates could put up only a token of resistance, and twenty of them were taken to hospital. Meanwhile the President remained adamant in his decision that the married monks must go, and the celibates joined in his Government's political processions.



THE BONN GOVERNMENT SEEKS TO RUSH THROUGH THE GERMAN ARMY BILL : Herr Theodor Blank, the West German Defence Minister, addressing the Bundestag during the debate on the first reading of the Volunteer Bill. Listening anxiously at left is the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer. The Bill, which provides for the recruiting of the first 6,000 key men of the new German Army, was sent on to be examined by committee after a show of hands had overwhelmingly supported the Government. Members of Government coalition parties, however, criticised many aspects of the Bill, particularly the apparent lack of Parliamentary control over the composition of the Army and the actions of its leaders. It was believed that Dr. Adenauer was anxious to have the Bill passed before the beginning of the meeting at Geneva on July 18, so as to strengthen Germany's influence on the discussions. Dr. Adenauer said during the debate that the youth of the Soviet Zone is now being trained for "civil war."

On right—

HONORARY KNIGHTHOODS FOR AMERICAN SERVICE CHIEFS : Sir Roger Makins, British Ambassador to the United States, with four generals on whom he had conferred honorary knighthoods in Washington. Wearing their insignia are, from left, General James A. Van Fleet and General Otto Paul Weyland, who were both made honorary Knights of the Order of the British Empire ; and General Matthew B. Ridgway and General Mark Clark, who became honorary Knights Commander of the Order of the Bath. More than fifty other American officers and men who served or were associated with the British Commonwealth Division in Korea were decorated by Sir Roger Makins. General Van Fleet commanded the Eighth Army in Korea from 1951–53 ; General Weyland the Far East Air Force operating over the theatre ; General Ridgway commanded the Eighth Army from 1950 to 1951, and then became Commander-in-Chief, United Nations Command ; his successor, until the signing of the Armistice in 1953, was General Mark Clark.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN MIXES WITH HER PEOPLE—BUT EYES ARE STILL LOWERED : The Empress reading the citations for the International Florence Nightingale Awards for two nurses, extreme right, at the Japanese Red Cross headquarters in Tokyo. At the Empress's left, their heads bowed in accordance with custom, are the three sisters-in-law of the Emperor.

A STATE RECEPTION FOR MR. NEHRU IN VIENNA : The Indian Prime Minister with Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, at a reception held at the Federal Chancellor's office in Vienna. Mr. Nehru, who is due to visit the Prime Minister at Chequers this week-end, was paying a State visit to Austria. He had arrived from Warsaw, where he stopped on his way from Moscow.

120,000 YOUTHS AT CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S FESTIVAL OF YOUNG ATHLETES : The scene in the colossal Strahov Stadium, in Prague, at the climax of the massed physical drill display which took place at the opening of Czechoslovakia's first National Spartakiade. As the flags of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union fly side by side, some of the 120,000 athletes participating spell out with red banners a message commemorating the tenth anniversary of the entry of Russian troops into the country. Elaborate gymnastic displays were a feature of the festival.

FROM HONOLULU TO CALIFORNIA IN FIFTEEN DAYS BY TWIN-HULLED CATAMARAN : The 40-ft. catamaran *Waikiki Surf* at Santa Monica, California, after her trip from Hawaii. Mr. Ernie Nowell, seen at the left of his crew of four, estimated that the twin-hulled yacht had sailed 3,000 miles in an effort to find favourable winds to carry her the 2,200 miles across the Pacific from Honolulu. Nevertheless, the journey was accomplished in fifteen days. It was hoped to enter the craft in a race back to Honolulu, provided it could pass handicap requirements.

THROUGH THE STREETS OF PRAGUE : Part of the long procession of athletes, which preceded the opening of the Spartakiade. They came from all parts of Czechoslovakia, and their ages ranged from ten to thirty.

NEW FRENCH WEAPONS ON SHOW AT MAILLY : Three of the new weapons which were shown to the public for the first time last week at the French Army camp at Mailly. *Extreme left* is the prototype of a 105 mm. recoilless gun. The muzzle is here seen on the ground and the breech in the air. This gun may be compared with the new British anti-tank recoilless gun of 120 mm. calibre. In the *centre* is a multi-barrel mortar. *On right* is a 75 mm. gun mounted on a scooter. It can be followed by other scooters carrying the ammunition.

A WORLD OF VIOLENCE

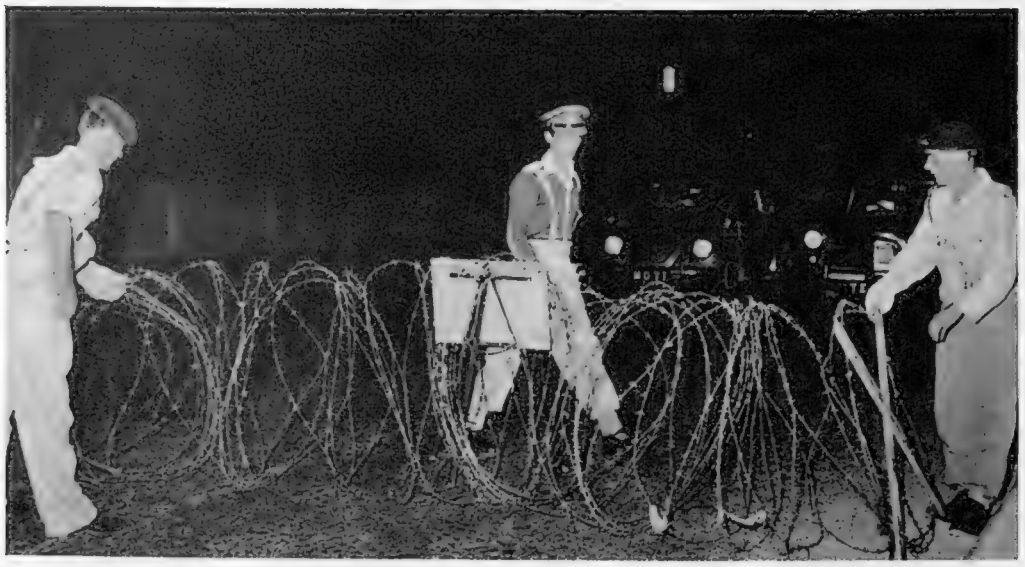
Pictures From Europe, Africa and Asia of Strikes, Riots and Demonstrations and Their Consequences

STRIKERS GATHER AT A FRENCH SHIPYARD : Crowds of men who had stopped work assemble outside the shipyards in St. Nazaire, which are among the largest in France. Work had been stopped as a demand for increases in wages. As a result of certain disorderly incidents, troops were called out and in clashes between the military and the strikers thirty-five people were injured. The French Government is faced with demands for higher pay from many quarters and the situation is becoming critical

RIOTS IN FRENCH MOROCCO : Demonstrators, headed by French flags, come up against a police cordon near a newspaper office in Casablanca. The riots in this city have been caused by so-called "counter-terrorists," of whom the majority seem to be Europeans, and their rival "terrorists." There has been at least one case of assassination and several instances of wounding. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of these factions it is clear that M. Grandval, who has just taken up his post as Resident-General, will have to employ strong measures. French Morocco is just one example of the need for reform in the French Colonial administration, which lags far behind the British.

A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST COMMUNISM IN MALAYA : Inhabitants of Banting, on the Malayan coast, march in a procession with anti-Communist slogans and banners. This parade was organised by the Good Citizens Committee of the town. Because of insistent Communist inroads, the Far East to-day is probably the most critical area of the entire world. But the Free West can take comfort from the fact that since the brilliant tenure of office as High Commissioner of the Federation by General Templer (who becomes the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff next autumn), the polyglot inhabitants of Malaya have shown themselves increasingly determined to live without Communism.

MILITARY ESCORTS FOR CHILDREN IN SINGAPORE : Sons and daughters of British Army personnel in Singapore leave school in a military truck with armed guards. The reason for this was the strike of several thousand transport workers.



TERROR IN CYPRUS : British soldiers are putting up barbed-wire barricades near Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, after repeated grenade and bomb attacks by native terrorists. By last week the violence of Eoka, the underground National Organisation of Cypriot Fighters, had precipitated a dangerous situation in this island which has recently become of great strategic importance in Western Defence. The British Government strongly protested to the Greek Government, alleging that recent broadcasts from the radio station of Athens had incited the inhabitants of Cyprus to revolt. Turkish public opinion was also being inflamed by the conduct of the Cypriots, for several Turkish citizens there were reported to have been wounded by terrorist activity. However it is hoped tension will be eased by the Conference proposed by Britain to Greece and Turkey on common problems.

THE WRECK OF A BRITISH MILITARY BUILDING : The shell of the N.A.A.F.I. in Famagusta is seen after it had been burnt out by fire-bombs thrown by the Cypriot terrorists of the Eoka organisation.

JUGGERNAUT FESTIVAL

The Annual Procession in the Indian City of Puri in Which Thousands of Pilgrims Participate as a Gigantic Chariot is Wheeled Through the Streets

Last month nearly 500,000 pilgrims thronged to the city of Puri, on the coast of Orissa in Eastern India, to take part in the annual car festival, the most important of the many holy celebrations held in honour of the Hindu idol Jagannath, or Juggernaut. Each year, according to the beliefs of the devout, the idol Juggernaut and other lesser deities pay a visit to a country house about a mile from the great temple of Vishnu, where they are kept. The idols are taken from the temple to fanfares of music and to the accompaniment of dancing, and are placed on huge chariots. The largest, that of Juggernaut, is about 50 ft. high and is carried on sixteen wheels each 7 ft. in diameter and over a foot thick. Because of the size of the car and the nature of the ground, it takes several days to make the short journey. First the devotees pull the car, and those who have participated in this task may qualify as having served the Lord. When the devotees have been exhausted by their efforts, they resign the task to professional car-pullers, who are also responsible for returning the deities to the temple.

The term Juggernaut has come to be applied to any institution by which people or objects are crushed out of existence. This has come about through the erroneous idea that the festival at Puri involves self-immolation on the part of the devotees. It used to be suggested that in their frenzy of devotion the pilgrims threw themselves under the wheels of the gigantic car. But recent research has shown clearly that though a number of deaths do occur, either through accident in the crush or because would-be suicides do take advantage of the occasion, no religious self-immolation takes place. This would, in any case, be contrary to the precepts of the Hindu religion.

THE PILGRIMS GATHER FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FESTIVAL : Outside the temple dedicated to the Hindu god Vishnu, at Puri, in Orissa, some of the 500,000 pilgrims have gathered in front of the gigantic cars which are to bear the deities, among them Juggernaut.

FESTIVAL-TIME MEANS BIG BUSINESS FOR PURI : A pilgrim buys holy beads for offering to Juggernaut. Puri's population depends on the Juggernaut festivals for its livelihood.

THE IDOLS ARE BROUGHT OUT OF THE TEMPLE : Singing and dancing greet them. This year, apart from Juggernaut, the lesser deities, Lord Balram and Subhadra, were honoured.

THE JUGGERNAUT SLOWLY MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE CITY : The colossal processional car is 50 ft. high, and its wheels 7 ft. in diameter. The journey from the temple to its destination is only a mile, but it takes several days. First the devotees drag the car ; then professional car-pullers are called in.

AIRCRAFT FAST AND SLOW

Turbo-prop Development in the U.S.A., and Other Aviation News from America, England and Korea

AN AMERICAN CHALLENGE TO BRITISH TURBO-PROP SUPREMACY : An impression of the recently announced Lockheed Electra airliner which is to be powered by turbo-propeller engines. It is the first American civil airliner designed to incorporate this means of power, which has been used with such success in the Viscount. The first production models are expected to have a range of 2,000 miles and will seat sixty-four passengers. Lockheed announce that production will be pushed forward faster than any other large airliners. American Airlines have ordered a fleet of thirty-five of these aircraft, which will present a direct challenge to the Britannia. The power plant has not yet been decided, but senior Lockheed representatives are to visit this country this month. It is expected that they will enter discussions with Rolls-Royce and that British engines might be chosen for the Electra.

A SPEEDY AND VICIOUS-LOOKING ADDITION TO THE AMERICAN AIR ARM : The first picture to be released of the supersonic Chance Vought XF8U–1 which is seen flying over a desert area in California. The aircraft has been designed for the U.S. Navy who say that tests conducted so far have been successful. No production order has yet been placed. The XF8U–1 is the first American aircraft of its type and performance to incorporate a high wing position, but the usual American practice of placing the cockpit well forward on the nose has been followed. Not only does this allow for greater streamlining possibilities, but it also gives the pilot almost unlimited " over the nose " visibility, so valuable in deck landings for which the aircraft has been designed. To keep down weight, much use has been made of the costly metal titanium.

A SUPER-CONSTELLATION SPROUTS TURBO-PROP ENGINES : This picture shows the well-known airliner in United States Navy markings and powered by the new Pratt and Whitney T-56 turbo-prop engines. Both the air force and the navy are carrying out experiments with this type of aircraft, and a production order may be forthcoming. America lags well behind Britain not only in turbo-prop building, but also in operating aircraft powered by this means. Experience gained by the Services in flying these aircraft will, no doubt, be passed on to the Lockheed Corporation, who will find it most useful as work proceeds on the Electra civil air liner illustrated above. Now that Capital Airlines of the U.S.A. are using the British Vickers Viscount airliner, America has little time to waste in turbo-prop development.

A RUSSIAN AIRCRAFT WHICH DODGED THE RADAR : The Russian-built YaK–18 training aircraft in which two North Korean airmen escaped into Seoul is seen soon after it had landed. Some consternation was caused when, completely unannounced, the aircraft flew low over Seoul and landed at the airport. It appears that the radar network, strained to pick up even the smallest and fastest guided missile, failed to locate the slow trainer which was clearly marked with a red star. The pilot said that he flew extremely low to avoid being picked up by Communist or American radar. The rather outdated YaK–18 will be of little interest to American intelligence, but one scrap of information given by two North Korean refugees was. They said that after the escape of another pilot, complete with a MiG 15 fighter, soon after the signing of the armistice, the North Korean in charge of the Air Force was demoted and a General Han, a Soviet citizen, put in his place.

THE TWIN PIONEER STRETCHES ITS WINGS : The two-engined successor to Scottish Aviation's single-engined Pioneer aircraft is seen outside the Prestwick factory where it was built. Standing around are employees of the factory who stopped work to see the maiden flight. *On left*—The great moment as the test pilot, Wing-Commander Capper, took his charge into the air for the first time. Like the Pioneer, the Twin Pioneer has been designed especially for use in areas where there are no long prepared runways. A system of slots and flaps enable the aircraft to take-off and land after a short run. In the first two flights the landing run was 70 yards and 50 yards. The twin-engined plane can carry sixteen passengers and is powered by Alvis Leonides engines.

THE NAVY SHOWS ITS ABILITIES

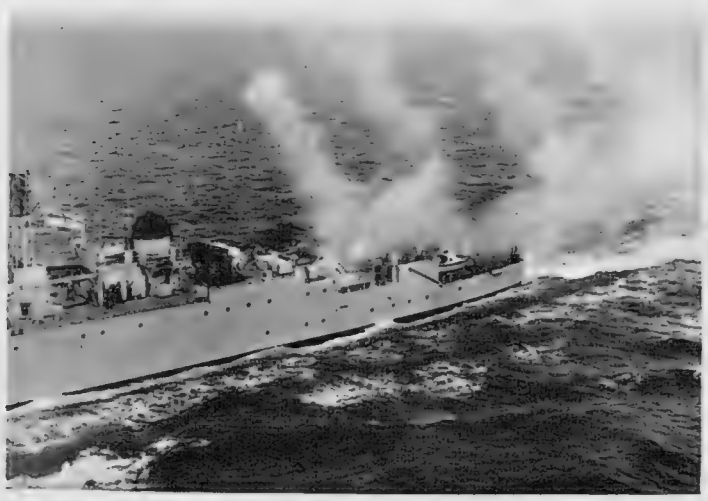
Spectators from Home and Abroad See a Demonstration in the English Channel

Under the name of Exercise "Shop Window," the Royal Navy in recent years has given annual demonstrations of its many weapons. This year's exercise took place last month in the English Channel.

Spectators were accommodated in the 20,330-ton aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. *Centaur*. As usual, a number of foreign Naval Attachés were present, as were members of the Army and the Royal Air Force. Parties of schoolboys also saw the demonstrations on this occasion and among distinguished visitors was Brigadier Sir John Hunt.

Centaur herself was the object of a mock attack by Fast Patrol Boats of the First F.P.B. Squadron. These speedy vessels, which can move at 30 knots, are an important part of Britain's coastal defences. Another defence weapon which was much in evidence was the anti-submarine mortar. This was fired by destroyers and frigates, and spectators were left in little doubt of its effectiveness against underwater craft. Among the aircraft seen in action was the prototype of the Supermarine 525 fighter, which, when it comes into service, will be the fastest of the Navy's fighter planes.

PATROL BOATS IN EXERCISE "SHOP WINDOW": Four vessels of the First Fast Patrol Boat Squadron wheel away after carrying out a mock attack on the aircraft-carrier *Centaur*, from which spectators witnessed demonstrations by the Royal Navy in the Channel.



ANTI-SUBMARINE ACTIVITY: The frigate H.M.S. *Grenville* demonstrates the use of her anti-submarine mortars. This weapon, in the stern of the ship, has fired its depth-charge high over the bows.

A SUBMARINE SUBMERGES: H.M.S. *Tapir* is about to dive. This picture was taken from H.M.S. *Centaur*. *Tapir* is a "T" class boat of the "Patrol" type submarines for general service. Launched in 1944, she was on loan to the Royal Netherlands Navy between 1948 and 1953.

THE MORTAR STRIKES: The destroyer H.M.S. *Cossack* has fired her anti-submarine mortar and the shell is seen striking the sea well ahead of the ship. The effectiveness of the Royal Navy's defences against submarines and other forms of attack was demonstrated this year in Exercise "Shop Window." Among the spectators in H.M.S. *Centaur* were foreign Naval Attachés, Army personnel, members of the Royal Air Force, and parties of schoolboys. Aircraft also took part in the exercise.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH HOME IS DEMOLISHED

The Fittings of the "Big House" at Bowood Have Been Sold Before it is Pulled Down

Bowood is a name which recurs frequently throughout English historical memoirs during the past 200 years. To their home in Wiltshire generations of the Lansdowne family have welcomed most of the leading men, and women, of the country. It was therefore a sad occasion last week when the architectural contents of one of the main parts of the mansion, the "Big House," were sold by auction, as the prelude to the demolition of the "Big House" itself. Fixtures, fittings, wood and marble fire-places, doorways, ornamental ceilings and walls, windows and mouldings, Doric columns and porticos came under the hammer in 300 lots.

THE EMPTY BUILDING OF A CONDEMNED ARISTOCRATIC MANSION: The fittings in this corridor below its painted ceiling were some of the lots put up for auction at Bowood. The Wiltshire home of the Lansdowne family is an early eighteenth-century house, with later additions by famous architects.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO BOWOOD: The balconies were designed by Robert the marble relief above it is signed "R. Westmacott, Jun. 1837." the sculptor, Sir Richard Westmacott. The painting partly see

THE "BIG HOUSE" AT BOWOOD, WHICH IS TO BE DEMOLISHED: It stands on the right of the picture. Behind and to the left runs the so-called "Diocletian" Wing, the work of Robert Adam, which is to be preserved. The architectural fixtures and fittings of the "Big House" were sold by auction last week.

The whole of Bowood House has been described by the present Marquess of Lansdowne as "the product of a century of adaptations." Originally on the site of the "Big House" stood the home of Sir Orlando Bridgeman, built about 1730. Thirty years later extensive alterations and additions were made by Henry Keene, the architect of the Market Hall of High Wycombe. Almost immediately after this the 2nd Earl of Shelburne (later the 1st Marquess of Lansdowne) called in Robert Adam. This great architect's finest contribution was perhaps the 90-yards-long building known as the "Diocletian" Wing, which shows clearly the influence of the Roman Emperor's palace at Spoleto (now Split) on the ideas of the British architect. In the nineteenth century George Dance, junior, made further alterations, C. R. Cockerell designed the chapel and Charles Barry made some additions.

It has not been without a great deal of careful consideration and consultation with experts and architects that Lord Lansdowne has decided with great regret that the "Big House" must go. Fortunately, the "Diocletian" Wing, with two courtyards behind, designed by Keene, will remain, and such treasures as the ante-library, the library, the orangery, the chapel and Joseph Priestley's laboratory will be preserved. All lovers of the English heritage will sympathise with Lord Lansdowne in the hard decision he has had to take and regret the disappearance of what has been for a long time a storehouse of Britain's past greatness and glory.

Robert Adam. The fireplace is of a later date, about 1820, and 337." This sculptor was the son of the even more distinguished the right wall is by Watts. Most of these fittings were sold.

THE PLASTER WALLS OF THE DINING-ROOM: The designs were made by Adam. Although many architectural treasures will disappear with the "Big House," work by such great architects as Henry Keene, Robert Adam, George Dance, Junr., C. R. Cockerell and Sir Charles Barry will remain in other parts of Bowood.

HEDGEHOGS ARE NOT AFRAID OF MAN

But in Attack by Animals They Have Learned to Use Their Armour Only When Absolutely Necessary, and to Roll Themselves Up Only at the Last Possible Moment

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE other day I watched a hedgehog repel the attack of a large and vigorous mongrel terrier. I watched the whole operation from start to finish. It was late evening, but the light was still good, and the hedgehog, which was crossing a cricket field, showed up well against the close-mown grass. The dog was scouting the hedgerows which bordered the field, sniffing at rat and rabbit holes, and hoping, no doubt, for a bit of sport, although it is at least a year since anyone has seen a rabbit in this district.

It was only when he had drawn blank at all the holes that the dog decided to cross the field, and the hedgehog was then near the roped-off pitch in the centre of it. The hedgehog (who had probably been aware of the dog all the time) knew at once when it began to cross the field. I could see it stop, and knew that it was listening. The sight of hedgehogs is poor, but their hearing is remarkably acute, and they are very sensitive to vibration. Shakespeare, who was a very good field naturalist, knew this. You will remember that Caliban says :

Then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall.

The hedgehog heard the dog, but was not particularly disturbed. He continued shuffling along, nose to ground. The dog was still a long way off, and quite unaware of the hedgehog. Occasionally, as the dog trotted around in wide arcs, the hedgehog would stop and listen for a moment and then continue on its way. It crossed the cricket pitch, and it was when it was on the other side—the side nearest to me—that the dog became aware of it, and charged towards it.

At once the hedgehog was a tight ball. The dog spent a few moments dancing around it, barking madly, and must then have pressed home the attack. I did not actually see it do so, but the barking changed suddenly to a yelp and the dog made haste for the field gate. It must have been a very inexperienced dog—or a very bored one. I walked over to the hedgehog, still tightly rolled in a ball. But when I was quite near, within a couple of yards or so, it unrolled and recommenced its search for insects and grubs, ignoring my presence altogether.

Now, there is nothing in the least unusual in this incident. A great many people have witnessed just the same thing. But it gave me much food for thought. There is a good deal more in it than meets the eye.

Foxes and badgers know how to open and kill a rolled hedgehog. I wonder if the hedgehog would have been quite so unconcerned if it had been a fox or a badger instead of a dog ? There are plenty of badgers in the neighbourhood, but it was too early in the evening for them to be abroad, and, presumably, the hedgehog would know this perfectly well. But there are also plenty of foxes in the neighbourhood—indeed, far too many—and since the disappearance of the rabbit they may now be found abroad at all sorts of hours. (They have been seen in gardens on the outskirts of the town where I live, at midday.)

I cannot but think that had there been a fox about, the hedgehog would not have been so unconcerned. But how did it know that it was a dog and not a fox ? Certainly not by sight, and I am very doubtful if it was by smell. Presumably, therefore, by sound ; the dog being clumsier and therefore noisier than the fox. Even so, it indicates an exceptional nicety of hearing.

Two other points arise from the incident. I am a heavy man, and the hedgehog, so sensitive to vibration, must have been very well aware of my approach. It simply was not interested. This accords well with the behaviour of the hedgehogs in my garden. They go about their business (and I am thankful that they do, for they are expert killers of slugs) as though I was not there. Even the sows will take their families, when they are only the size of penny buns (if you can buy a bun for a penny now, which I doubt), for walks about the garden, ignoring me altogether.

The hedgehog has absolutely no fear of man. Nor do they appear to have the least fear of cats. I have never seen one roll up for a cat of mine. But for dogs they will roll up. They make no attempt to escape. They have complete confidence in their armament. And it is not a misplaced confidence. A few dogs, a very few, learn how to open rolled hedgehogs : the vast majority learn, in one lesson, not to attack hedgehogs.

Armament is very ancient. Indeed, every type of offensive and defensive weapon that exists among warm-blooded animal life to-day was evolved long before the advent of man on earth. One can go further than that : long before the appearance of warm-blooded life on this earth, weapons in great variety, weapons of offence and defence (and protective armour also), had been perfected.

For then there was evolved a most terrifying array of claws, of huge teeth like scythes (study any picture of a sabre-toothed tiger), and, in opposition to them, great forward-pointing spikes, heads adapted for battering and sharp points for thrusting upwards. And as for armour : there was almost everything from tough leather to great shields of bony plates and bosses of over-lapping horn.

One hundred million years ago life was tough. One can get some idea of how tough by looking at the reconstructions of some of the quite inoffensive vegetable-eating dinosaurs. They were positively weighed down with protective armour.

It is often said that these huge creatures became extinct because they were over-developed and their brains were too small for their huge bodies. It is true that their brains were relatively tiny, and it may be true that their bodies were over-developed. But they were well-fitted for life on the earth as they knew it, and they were dominant on earth for a very long while, for very much longer than man has been. It was surely not their development that caused their extinction, since their weapons and their protective armour appear to have been ideal for the purpose for which they were designed.

It was surely a great change in the world's climate, and a consequent great change in vegetation and topography : a change that favoured the development and increase of warm-blooded life. (Even so, there does not seem to be any sound reason to account for the extinction of the sabre-toothed tigers and the mammoths.) Be that as it may, the weapons these creatures evolved did not die with them. They were still of value, and when warm-blooded life multiplied, weapons similar to those of the great reptiles appeared.

The same battle for life goes on. There are the same dangers from predators and the same needs for protection. Throughout all life, there is the ever-present spur of the enemy.

To-day, lions, tigers, leopards, and the like, play something of the same part as Allosaurus played those millions of years ago. Their numbers have been greatly reduced, of course (by man, the greatest and most ruthless of all predatory creatures), but there are still enough of them to warrant special precautions on the part of the hunted. In general, it may be said that the chief weapon of defence against the large carnivores is keenness of senses. The weapons of offence possessed by the large carnivores are claws, great strength of jaws and teeth, and great speed over a short distance. Against them are pitted keenness of sight, smell and hearing (sight is the least valuable and usually the least developed), and still greater speed over rather longer distances.

Horns and antlers are of some use, but mainly against the smaller predators, such as wolves, who have not the great strength of claw. There is, too, the general protective weapon, common to ungulates, of colour—usually a broken-colour pattern.

It is the large predator that captures the imagination, but the smaller predators are, I think, the more interesting. There are many more of them and they attack a far wider range of species. They show a much greater ingenuity in attack, and, as a result, they have produced a much greater ingenuity in defence. And it must be remembered that, relative to the small creatures they attack, they are infinitely more dangerous than lions or tigers.

The smaller cats, the foxes and the wild dogs, the stoats and the weasels, the minks and mongooses, the racoons and the civets—all these feed more frequently than do the big cats, and they are all exceptionally active, have exceptional strength of jaws, and great speed over a short distance. All of them, too, are masters of cunning. They and their prey live in a world that is a never-ending battle of wits.

Among the prey of these smaller predators much the same defences are to be found as in the larger hunted animals : keenness of the senses, especially scent and hearing, and remarkable colour camouflage. But there are, as might be expected in so delicate a battle of wits, all sorts of other devices as well. Shelter—burrowing in the earth, using holes in rocks, and so forth—has become a main weapon of defence in some cases. In others, the hunted has taken to the trees (to be followed by some of the carnivores), for, on the whole, the birds of prey are less to be feared. And some have developed, or carried on from prehistoric times, body defences. And it is these that are particularly interesting.

Nature has been especially generous with a " spine defence." A spine covering—the spines erectile—is a defence that is to be found among unrelated animals in many parts of the world. The largest animals thus defended are the porcupines. Those of Africa, India and the Malay Peninsula are, for the most part, heavily built and the spines are long and knife-like, and can be raised at will to form a really intimidating array. The porcupines of the New World have rather shorter quills, but a good many more of them, and so the protection may be considered as about the same.

It is commonly thought that the porcupines can " shoot " their quills at an enemy. (The idea has recently been put forward in a most ingenious detective story ; the quills in this case being poisoned !) There is no truth whatever in the idea that a porcupine can " shoot " its quills. But one or more of the quills is invariably loose, and when an angry or frightened porcupine shakes itself these loose quills fly off, and some may perhaps embed themselves in the enemy every now and again. But there is no question of " aiming " : the whole thing is quite fortuitous. When a porcupine is attacked, it gives a sudden jerk and lash of the spine-studded tail, and any loose quills will then stick in the attacker. That it is an efficacious defence, and that the quills are extremely painful, may be seen by the extreme care with which these animals (and even the much less formidable and unrelated hedgehog) are approached by predators.

Porcupines and hedgehogs are not the only animals to go in for spines. Right at the very bottom of the mammalian ladder—and linked with prehistoric times—are the echidnas, a small group consisting of only four species (the Australian duckbill and echidna and the two New Guinea echidnas), that lay eggs, hatch them after the manner of birds, and then rear the young on milk. The echidnas carry short spines, which are stout and strong, and which form a very sharp and repelling armament. These spines do not, however, protect the soft underparts, and so echidnas roll themselves up like hedgehogs. But they are not as good as hedgehogs at remaining rolled up, and so they have acquired another and most ingenious defensive habit. They have very strong clawed feet, and with these are able to dig themselves into the soil as quickly as moles. With the body half in the soil only the spine-studded back is exposed to attack, and when the strong clawed feet are thrust out sideways, the echidna is anchored as firmly as a limpet and is as difficult to dislodge.

There are, too, still examples of armour-plating in mammals. The best, and most heavily armoured, examples are the pangolins of Africa and Asia.

Of course, these defensive arrangements, whether armour or spines, are of little use in themselves. There must be a brain directing the defence. Which brings me back to the hedgehog. A common little animal ; a friendly little animal (many of us must have had experience of taming hedgehogs with bowls of bread and milk) ; so common and so friendly that we do not regard it as a remarkable little animal. Which it is. For it has learnt to use its armour only when absolutely necessary. It must be very tempting, armed with that formidable zareba of prickles, to roll up into a tight ball at every strange and threatening sound, for it must know very well that with fox and badger it has little or no chance of survival. Yet it rolls itself up only at the last possible moment.

It must, I think, have additional methods of defence against foxes and badgers. Perhaps the sense of hearing is so acute that it can take evasive action, in most cases, long before the enemy is aware of its presence ? But with other animals it has to be convinced that an attack is imminent before it will bother to roll up. The garden hedgehogs soon learn that my terrier learnt the lesson of the prickles long ago, and do not bother about him. There is a lot of sense tucked away in that narrow little head. And not the least remarkable thing about a very remarkable animal is that it is the only British wild mammal that is not in the least afraid of Man. It is a humbling thing to look into the small, bright, cunning eye of a hedgehog. There is a world of meaning in the glance you receive in return.

BABY HEDGEHOG QUADS WITH THEIR FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE : They were born in 1953 at the Zoological Gardens in Copenhagen, and although blind at birth, were already equipped with their defensive quills. The four tiny hedgehogs are here seen in the palm of a hand.

STRANGE TOWERS

A Collection of Well-known and Less Well-known Architectural Oddities in England, Denmark and Sweden

A GOOD LOOKOUT FOR TOURISTS IN SWEDEN : This wooden lookout tower, although built in the last century, would not be out of place in an airport. It is on Kinnekulle (Beacon Hill), in Central Sweden.

A MONSTER ON STILTS : Another tourists' lookout tower, this time in Aalborg, Denmark. It is built entirely of steel and access is by a series of ladders along the left-hand leg or by lift.

A MOST IMPRESSIVE FOLLY : The well-known sham Gothic tower, built at Hadlow, near Tonbridge, by Squire May, in the mid-nineteenth century. Why it was built is not known, but one story is that the Squire's wife left him and that he built the tower so that she would see it from a distance and be reminded of him. Another story says that the Squire wanted to see the sea.

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN TOWERS IN ENGLAND : The pagoda in Kew Gardens, which was built in 1761 by Sir William Chambers. About this time, the East India trade was flourishing, and architects acquired a taste for the Chinoiserie style.

ANOTHER SWEDISH TIMBER TOWER : This, one of many fine timber bell towers still standing in Sweden, was built at Hallestad in 1732 and moved to its present position at the Skansen open-air Museum, Stockholm, in 1894. 138 ft. high, it is the tallest of these towers still standing. Like many other bell towers built around this time, all parts exposed to the weather are protected by oak shingles.

THE CHURCH WHICH IS NOT : From a distance, the Tattingstone Wonder of Suffolk is a charming country church, but closer inspection reveals that the castellated tower has only three walls and no roof. The nave turns out to be three farm cottages. The building was erected by Squire White in 1760. No reliable reason has been given for the strange shape of the building.

THE SUGAR LOAF FOLLY OF MAD NACK FULLER : This Sussex Squire once boasted after dinner that he could see the spire of Dallington Church from his dining-room windows. In the clearer light next morning Fuller, who weighed 22 stone, found that he was wrong and hurriedly had the 40-ft. cone, now known as the Sugar Loaf, built to look like the spire.

"BRITANNIA" PREPARES TO LEAVE OSLO FJORD: The Royal Yacht is surrounded by a fleet of small motor-craft and yachts as she prepared to leave Oslo with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board. *Britannia* took the Royal party to Dundee after completion of the three-day State visit to the Norwegian capital.

KING HAAKON WAVES FAREWELL TO HIS ROYAL GUESTS: Standing on the stone steps of the quay at Oslo, the King of Norway waves to the Queen and the Duke, who had just embarked on the Royal barge which took them out to *Britannia*. In the background is the frigate *Virago*, one of the three British warships acting as escort to the Royal Yacht.

OSLO TO DUNDEE

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Leave the Norwegian Capital at the End of Their State Visit, and are Welcomed in Scotland on Their Return to Britain

After giving a dinner-party for King Haakon and other members of the Norwegian Royal Family, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, left Oslo Fjord in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* after an outstandingly successful three-day State visit. While the Royal Yacht moved across the North Sea to Scotland, the Queen conferred the honour of knighthood on the Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Guy Russell. He had been made a K.C.B. in 1951. On her arrival in Dundee, the Queen received a warm welcome. Her Majesty visited a marmalade factory, a jute works, the Royal Infirmary, the City Chambers and Queen's College. At the end of the visit the Royal party left by train for Edinburgh.

THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERS DUNDEE HARBOUR : *Britannia* on her way to the King George V dock in Dundee, where she arrived just thirty-six hours after leaving Oslo. The Queen received a noisy welcome from hundreds of motorists who had gathered to greet the yacht on both sides of the Firth of Tay.

BACK TO BRITAIN : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on the wharf at Dundee after disembarking from *Britannia*. The guard of honour came from 276 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.

A CHEER FROM THE CHILDREN OF DUNDEE : The Queen's car at the Royal Infirmary. Later, the Queen visited Queen's College, where medical students laid their gowns on the pavement with Raleigh-like gallantry.

A GREETING FROM THE LORD PROVOST : Mr. William Hughes, the Lord Provost of Dundee, welcomes the Queen and the Duke back to the soil of Scotland. Also there to welcome the Queen was the Secretary of State for Scotland.

AT THE ROYAL INFIRMARY : Accompanied by the Matron, Miss O. A. Day, the Queen and the Duke make their way to the new radio-diagnostic department at the city's hospital, which had cost £70,000 to equip.

AT A MARMALADE FACTORY : The Queen watches a conveyer-belt at the marmalade factory of James Keiller and Sons. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh were able to watch every stage in the manufacture of marmalade, from the orange down to the finished product in the jar.

BUILDING PROGRESS AT THE TEMPLE

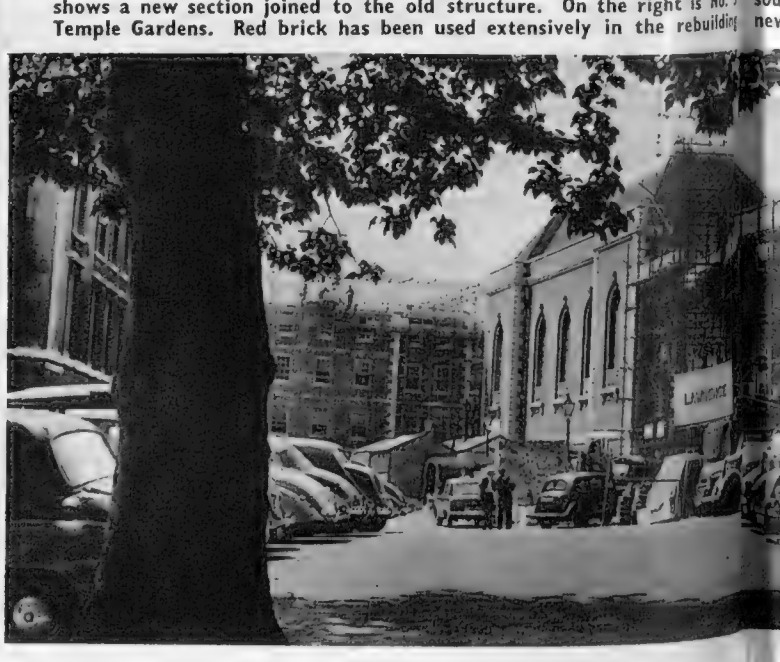
Work Goes Ahead on the Extensive Reconstruction of the Buildings of the Two Inns of Court

Marked progress continues to be made in the large-scale rebuilding programme in the Temple, the "Legal" area lying between the junction of Fleet Street and the Strand and the Thames Embankment. This extensive restoration work has been made necessary by the damage caused by bombing in 1941. Entire blocks of chambers have had to be rebuilt and, among other buildings, the halls of both the Middle and Inner Temples have had to be restored. The foundation-stone of the new Inner Temple Hall was laid by the Queen in 1952 and, as the pictures on these pages show, it is now nearing completion. The "square" section of the famous Temple Church has also been extensively rebuilt; at the moment it is receiving its new and permanent roof and is shrouded in a temporary covering. At its rededication last year the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of the long history of the church and of its many vicissitudes. From the outset of the rebuilding of the Temple the architects have endeavoured to preserve its collegiate atmosphere.

A FOCAL POINT OF THE TEMPLE WHERE EXTENSIVE REBUILDING IS NOW IN PROGRESS: The Master's House stands close to the Ancient Temple Church, which is still in the hands of the restorers. Although it was reopened for public worship some time ago, the church is "in splints" again while the new roof is fitted. The extensive programme of rebuilding at the Temple has been made necessary by severe damage during the bombing of London in 1941.

A GREAT MASS OF SCAFFOLDING SURROUNDS THE CHURCH: To the right (with the imposing South porch) is the "square" church which was rededicated early last year after extensive rebuilding. On the left is part of the famous Round Church, built by the Knights Templars in 1185, which has yet to be restored. The "square" church was built 100 years later.

PART OF HARCOURT BUILDINGS: This view is from the Garden Court and shows a new section joined to the old structure. On the right is No. 3 Temple Gardens. Red brick has been used extensively in the rebuilding



LOOKING ACROSS THE WIDE STRETCH OF INNER TEMPLE GARDEN TOWARDS THE NEW INNER TEMPLE HALL : Crown Office Row is also seen in this view from the Harcourt Buildings. *On right*—The north side of the Hall, while, on the extreme right, is part of the restored Cloisters. When the Inner Temple Hall is complete it will comprise not only the Hall and Library, but also common rooms, Parliament Chambers and Treasurer's offices.

Below—

THE VIEW FROM KING'S BENCH WALK: At the far end of Inner Temple Hall (the south side is seen) are the new Carpmael Buildings.

A 1,200-YEAR-OLD OPERA

The Peking Company, Making its First Appearance Outside China, Performs at the Paris Drama Festival

THE MONKEY KING AND THE LOCAL GOD : They are two of the characters in the Peking Opera, which is now taking part in the Second Paris Drama Festival. Rhythm and movement are the basis of this traditional Chinese acting.

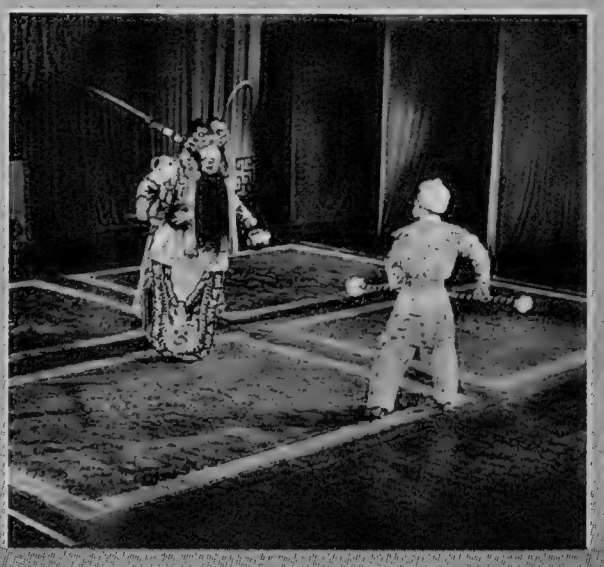
From many parts of the world theatrical companies have gathered to give distinction to the Second Drama Festival now nearing its conclusion in Paris. In this galaxy, a troupe which is attracting very great interest and praise comes from China. In the 1,200 years of its existence the famous Peking Opera is making its first appearance outside the frontiers of its native land.

Like all Oriental opera, the Chinese performance is strange to Western eyes. It is more drama to musical accompaniment, with mime and movement not unlike ballet. In Paris the programme comprises excerpts from longer works. Gods mix with human beings, warriors do battle and women bewail unfaithful lovers in scenes in which tragedy and comedy are invented with the most compelling and understandable gestures. The spectator is fascinated by elaborate silk costumes of a rich and vivid variety. But the décor is composed of quiet backcloths.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPE : The actors, seen here in Paris in *Rebellion in the Kingdom of the Skies*, are making what is believed to be the first tour outside their native land ever undertaken by the Peking Opera of the Chinese National Theatre.

LEADING ACTRESSES : Miss Liu Lan (The Green Snake), on the left, advises Miss Tu Chin-fan (The White Snake) to forget her lover in the opera *The White Snake*.

SUMPTUOUS COSTUMES IN SIMPLE SETTINGS : In *Rebellion in the Kingdom of the Skies*, the performers, in dresses of splendid colours, mime and tumble acrobatically in a style which to Western eyes is probably more reminiscent of ballet than opera. But the stage setting around them is very austere.



AN OPERATIC BATTLE : The Monkey King, played by Mr. Wang Ming-chung (on the right), fights the Giant God, the role which is taken by Mr. Yang Yuan-hsun.

OFF-STAGE EVENTS

AND A NEW REVUE AND BALLET ON THE STAGE IN LONDON

BALLET BY FLOODLIGHT ON THE STEPS OF THE LOUVRE : The company of the Marquis de Cuevas' Ballet in *Romeo and Juliet*, which was performed under floodlights this week in a courtyard of the Palace of the Louvre, in Paris. The ballet, based on Shakespeare's play, was presented by the Marquis himself.

On left—

POSTERS FOR SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER'S NEW FILM ARE APPROVED : Miss Molly Bishop, right, shows two of the posters she has designed to Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, at their country home near Stratford-on-Avon. The posters will publicise the London Films production of *Richard III*, which will have its première in the autumn. Sir Laurence Olivier is not only playing the title-role, but is also the producer and director of the film. At present he and his wife are playing in *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night* at Stratford. Miss Bishop is married to Lord George Scott, a brother of the Duchess of Gloucester.

RONALD COLMAN IN ENGLAND AGAIN : The Hollywood film actor is seen with his wife and nine-year-old daughter Juliet on their arrival at Plymouth from New York. Both Mr. and Mrs. Colman were born in Britain and retain British nationality. Mr. Colman intends to spend a four-month holiday in Europe.

THE LEGITIMATE AND THE VARIETY STAGE JOIN TO HELP SPASTIC CHILDREN : Miss Dorothy Tutin with Mr. Frankie Howerd, the comedian, at a party given by Lady Carisbrooke in London. Stage, screen and radio personalities were thanked for their work in helping the National Spastic Society.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN REVUE AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE : "The English Retreat," a sketch from the new revue, *From Here and There*, by Laurier Lister and Michael Abbot, which opened in Sloane Square, London, last week. From left are Peter Mander, April Olrich, Peter Tuddenham, Betty Marsden, Denny Bettis and Charlotte Mitchell. *On right*—Michael Mason and Betty Marsden in another scene, entitled "One Woman's Story," from the revue. Mr. Lister, whose *Airs on a Shoestring* enjoyed a most successful run at the same theatre, has imported for his new show a number of American artists, and many of the sketches contrast situations in Britain and in the United States—here and there. The revue includes a number of lively dances by Richard Tone, one of the Americans, and April Olrich. Betty Marsden and Charlotte Mitchell perform their sketches in polished style, and there is a sparkling newcomer to revue, June Whitfield, known to radio listeners as Eth in *Take it from Here*.

A WORLD PREMIÈRE AT SADLER'S WELLS : Noreen Sopwith as Persephone and Alexander Bennett (Pluto) are watched by Gillian Martlew (Demeter) in the new ballet, *Persephone*, which received its world première last week at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. The ballet is a new work by the American choreographer Robert Joffrey, and was performed by the Ballet Rambert. The décor and the costume designs were executed by Harri Wich, a Dutch student at the Slade School of Art.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF EVENTS IN LONDON AND THE ENGLISH COUNTIES

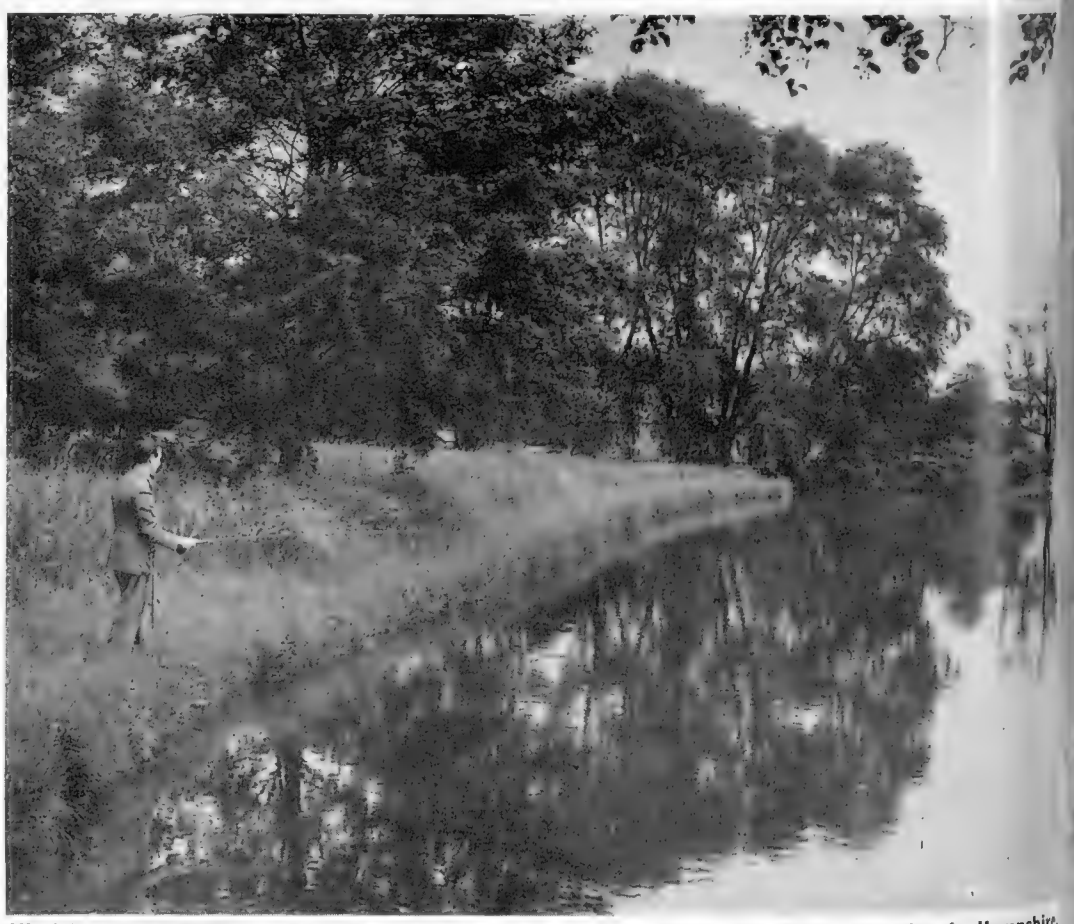
A UNIQUE MUSEUM AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS : Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, where the Queen Mother recently opened a museum showing costumes through the ages. The collection is the work of Mrs. Doris Langley-Moore, who has been adding to it for over twenty-five years. As the collection grew, so more space was required, and Mrs. Langley-Moore launched an appeal asking for a home for her valuable collection. The appeal was seen by the Marquess of Abergavenny, who has made two wings of Eridge Castle available.

FASHIONS 200 YEARS AGO : Two figures dressed in the style of 1750 are arranged by Mrs. Langley-Moore (between the figures) and her assistant, Miss Shelagh Gregory, from Hampstead.

FROM 1750 TO 1950 : *Above left* is a 1905 schoolgirl complete with a "Diabolo" game. The couple *above right* are in the dress of the 1920's. *Below*—Three evening dresses dated (from left) 1750, 1851 and 1950. The latter is by Dior and was worn by Madame Massigli.

ARCHERY AT OXFORD : A line-up of competitors in the United Kingdom Archery Championships which this year were held at the Worcester College cricket ground, in Oxford. 114 men and 92 women were taking part in the championships. During recent years, archery has been steadily becoming more popular. Five years ago there were 89 clubs in Great Britain and now there are 400.

On right—
LADIES TAKE PART, TOO : Checking up on their targets are, from left to right : Mrs. C. Edbrook and Miss L. P. Burns, of Leeds ; Mrs. M. Friend, of Harrow ; Mrs. R. D. Barnsdale, of Farnham ; and Mrs. S. J. Cole, of Coventry. Archery is popular with women.



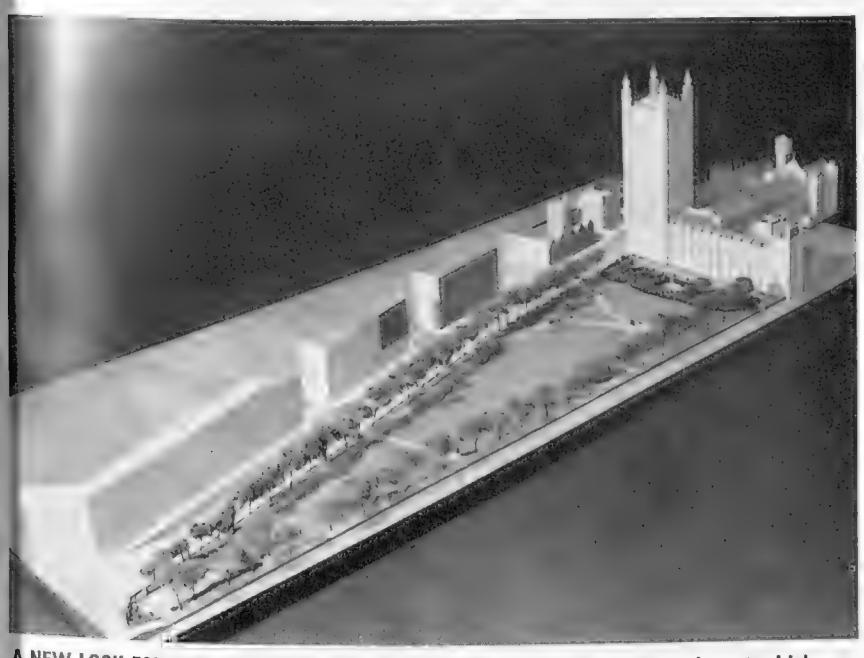
AN EXCELLENT SUMMER OCCUPATION : An angler fishes the River Itchen near Martyr Worthy, in Hampshire. The Itchen, which flows through Winchester and enters the sea near Southampton, is one of the best trout streams in the country. Other fish found there include pout, whiting, bass and salmon.

VISITORS TO NUMBER TEN : The Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, greets Dr. Einaudi, and, *below*, Lady Eden talks with Signora Einaudi. The former Italian President, who came to this country to receive an honorary degree at Oxford, called at No. 10 before leaving for Italy.

MAKING THE MOST OF THE SUMMER WEATHER : Visitors to Brighton fill the beach on one of the warm, sunny days at the end of last month. The recent warm spell sent crowds flocking to the South Coast resorts, and railway stations in London reported many long queues. Road traffic to the coast was also heavy on some days.

H[illegible]. "DARK AGGRESSOR" SHOWS HER PACES : One of the latest fast patrol-boats in the new "Dark" class is shown here during her speed trials over a measured mile on the Solent. These vessels can be used as M.T.B.'s or as motor-gunboats and are powered by Napier Deltic engines. All boats are of composite construction and aluminium is used for framing. Built by Saunders Roe, *Dark Aggressor* is the first of her class to join the fleet.

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE "DISCOVERY" : A workman erects the crow's-nest on Captain Scott's ship, which has recently returned to her berth. The proximity of St. Paul's is merely a trick of the telescopic lens.



A NEW LOOK FOR VICTORIA TOWER GARDENS : This is a model of the new layout which was announced in the House of Commons last week by Mr. Nigel Birch, the Minister of Works. At the far end of this model is the new shrubbery near the Houses of Parliament, and at the intersection of the two paths in front of this is the site for the statue of the Burghers of Calais. In the foreground, on the river side, is the statue of Mrs. Pankhurst.

A NEW TRAIN FOR THE WESTERN REGION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS : The South Wales Pullman, which now runs between Paddington and Swansea. It is seen here as it passes a spot near Twyford. It is the first Pullman service to run in the Western Region since 1930.

LOOKING DOWN ON LONDON FROM BIG BEN

Probably the First Pictures Ever to be Taken from the Pinnacle of Big Ben, which is Now Shrouded in Scaffolding

LOOKING ACROSS THE SOUTH BANK TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : This was the site of the South Bank exhibition of the 1951 Festival of Britain. It is now an attractive open space with a riverside walk. The Royal Festival Hall and the Shot Tower (which is to be demolished) are seen beyond Hungerford Railway Bridge.

VERY OFTEN THE SCENE OF MAJESTIC SPLENDOUR AND PAGEANTRY : Whitehall, stretching between Parliament Square and Trafalgar Square, is flanked mainly by big Government offices. In the second building on the left are the Home and Foreign Offices; then comes Downing Street, which links Whitehall with the Horse Guards Parade. In the bottom right-hand corner is part of New Scotland Yard, the police headquarters.

A RIBBON-LIKE STREAK ACROSS THE THAMES : Westminster Bridge, built nearly 100 years ago, replaces a stone structure. At the far end of the bridge is (left) County Hall; to the right lies St. Thomas's Hospital. The terrace of the Houses of Parliament runs parallel with the river below the bottom right corner.

THE GREAT SWEEP OF LONDON RIVER FROM WESTMINSTER TO THE CITY OF LONDON : In this extensive view, looking east from the pinnacle of Big Ben, the Thames winds round to St. Paul's Cathedral in the background. The two bridges in the centre distance are Hungerford and Waterloo, while that in the bottom right-hand corner is Westminster Bridge. On the extreme left is Whitehall, showing the position of Whitehall Gardens, the massive new block of office buildings. On the right is County Hall, home of the London County Council.

THE MAGNIFICENT SETTING OF THE GREAT ABBEY CHURCH OF WESTMINSTER : The Abbey's near neighbour is St. Margaret's Church ; to the left is the garden with the memorial to King George V. At the far end of Victoria Street, the main thoroughfare running from the right, is the tower of the Roman Catholic cathedral of Westminster. The hoarding just seen on the extreme right marks the site of the new Colonial Office, while beyond this is part of Central Hall. In the top left-hand corner are the chimneys of Battersea Power Station. The pictures on these pages are believed to be the first ever to be taken from the pinnacle of Big Ben, the main structure of which is now undergoing a complete examination.

AUSTINS CELEBRATE THEIR JUBILEE

Fifty Years Ago Herbert Austin Began Building His Own Cars in a Disused Factory at Longbridge; the Veteran Car Club's Silver Jubilee Rally; and Other Events in the Motoring World

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Austin Motor Company to-day (Saturday) celebrates its Golden Jubilee with a party at Longbridge to which more than 20,000 people have been invited.

If they were allowed to wander round the 260-acre Austin plant of the present day they would come across parts of the 2¼-acre factory in which Mr. Herbert Austin—destined to become a baron before he died in 1941—started the Austin Motor Company in 1905.

In that year he fell out with the directors of the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company and he looked round for a factory of his own. He cycled around Birmingham until, at Longbridge, he came across a disused factory in which metal boxes were formerly made. It was just what he wanted, and in that factory he built the first Austin—a touring model of 25–30 h.p., with chain drive and a four-speed gear-box.

It was by no means the first car Herbert Austin had built. Ten years before he made a three-wheeler with tiller steering. At that time he was managing, for Mr. Frederick Wolseley, in Birmingham, a factory where sheep-shearing equipment was made.

Working mostly in his spare time he built a second car, which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1896. Then, in 1900, he produced a four-wheeler with a horizontal single-cylinder engine which won a 1,000-mile trial organised by the Automobile Club of Great Britain. Frederick Wolseley began to realise there was a future for these horseless carriages and in 1901 he formed the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company, appointing Austin as manager.

Before he left to start his own factory Herbert Austin had helped to give Wolseley cars an international fame. He was filled with an almost religious fervour for the development of the automobile. This, and a capacity for sustained hard work, made him a leading figure in the British motor industry. He will be longest remembered, I expect, as the man who had the courage to produce the world's first true "people's car"—the 7-h.p. Baby Austin. It appeared in 1922 and was later built under licence in the U.S., Germany and France.

A CAR GOES BY TRAIN TO SCOTLAND: It is being driven on board a special train at King's Cross Station en route to Perth. This new service by British Railways operates from London during the summer on every Wednesday and Sunday until September 18.

In the first year of the Austin Motor Company's life it turned out 120 vehicles. To-day, under Sir Leonard Lord—worthy successor to the great Herbert Austin—it is building that number every working hour.

Talking of jubilees . . . the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain is currently celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday with high jinks in the Midlands. A programme of festivities which started on Wednesday culminates to-morrow with a *concours d'elegance* in the Pump Room gardens at Leamington Spa.

The Club received more than 200 entries for this Silver Jubilee Rally. Some were fifty-seven years old and there was none younger than thirty-nine. Great Britain is represented by 184 cars and there are entries from Belgium, Eire, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden and the U.S.

For the rally at Stratford-on-Avon on Thursday the "old crocks" set out the previous day from four starting-points: London, Cambridge, Bristol and York.

Genevieve (a 1904 Darracq) and the 1905 Spyker, which both figured in the famous film about the Brighton Run, are taking part in the jubilee programme. Another famous entry is the 1903 Cadillac with which Mr. F. S. Bennett, eighty-one-year-old president of the Veteran Car Club, successfully competed in the 1,000-miles trial of 1903. It was the first Cadillac to be imported into Europe. Two years ago Mr. Bennett repeated his fifty-years-old exploits in the 1,000-miles trial—in the same Cadillac!

The value of a large force of traffic policemen in London was so emphatically demonstrated during the railway strike that the Home Secretary authorised the establishment of a special central traffic patrol squad for London.

This new "flying squad" is already in operation. It consists of a superintendent in charge, two inspectors, eleven sergeants and eighty-six constables. They have four patrol cars and thirty-eight motor-cycles. Their job is to rush to points in Central London where traffic congestion is known to be developing and unravel the tangle. It is also their duty to prevent traffic jams as far as possible.

This move was announced in the House of Lords by Lord Mancroft, Home Office Under-Secretary, who praised the work of the traffic police during the strike. The sheer volume of road traffic during the strike, he said, had been a foretaste of what they would have to put up with in days to come if cars continued to come on to the roads at the present rate.

There was an overall increase in the daily volume of traffic in London of 35 per cent. If the force of police which had operated during the strike were to be maintained permanently, under normal conditions of service, an increase in the police strength in London of about 10,000 men would be necessary. That was obviously impossible, said Lord Mancroft.

If you happen to be passing through Slough during the next couple of weeks, why not look in at the Territorial Drill Hall in Uxbridge Road and have your car checked for road-worthiness?

Slough is the Transport Ministry's road safety "guinea pig" town, and a vehicle testing-station has been opened at the Drill Hall as part of the borough's large-scale Safety First experiments. This testing-station is the first one in Britain to which motorists may go voluntarily and have their cars comprehensively checked.

Although, following strong Parliamentary opposition, provisions for compulsory vehicle-testing have been eliminated from the revised Road Traffic Bill, the Ministry is watching the Slough experiment with interest, and has, in fact, co-operated closely in its organisation.

Any motorist is at liberty to call without prior appointment and submit his car or commercial vehicle—provided its empty weight does not exceed 1½ tons—for test. Experts will check brakes, lights, steering and tyres. The test normally takes twenty minutes.

Each driver is given a ticket listing any defects found in his vehicle and giving the address of garages in the Slough area at which they could be put right.

I went along the other night to a party given by Mr. Harold Radford to celebrate the return to the British market of U.S.-built Pontiac cars, for which his firm are London distributors.

Two models in various forms are available to British motorists—the Chieftain and Star Chief. Cheapest (at £2,050, including import duty and purchase tax) is the two-door saloon version of the Chieftain, with synchromesh gear-box. The most expensive is the Star Chief convertible, with automatic transmission. It costs £3,000, including duty and tax.

Both these General Motors models have a big V-8 engine which gives 180 b.h.p. at 4,600 r.p.m.

Mr. Alex Fraser, managing director of Girlings, Ltd., the brake specialists, recently came back from a visit to the U.S. with a valuable agreement in his pocket. It is a contract for the manufacture of Girling products under licence by the Fawick Corporation of Cleveland, Ohio. They are to make Girling brakes and vacuum-servo mechanism, and Mr. Fraser has high hopes that before long his brakes will be fitted to many American cars.

This canny Scot had heard that U.S. car manufacturers were looking for more powerful, fade-proof brakes because their latest models are capable of such high speeds.

So he and his chief engineer, Mr. J. Kinchin, nipped over to America to tell them how good Girling brakes are. They are definitely interested and seven firms already have sent models to Birmingham to have Girling brakes fitted experimentally.

Singer Motors have sent me an interesting breakdown of the cost to Kent County Constabulary of running a 1½-litre Singer 1,500 saloon for a period of over four-and-a-half years—from May 1950 to December 1954. During that period it was driven 101,197 miles on road patrol. The running costs (excluding tax and insurance) were £1,105 5s. 8d. That works out at 2.62d. per mile.

Allowing for depreciation—the difference between original cost and the car's actual resale price—the cost per mile rises to 3.95d. per mile. And if you allow tax and insurance at £32 10s. per annum, the overall cost per mile was 4.29d. per mile.

Of the actual maintenance costs, tyres ran away with most cash—£135. Next came the engine (£65). After that came gear-box (£32), electrical system (£32), brakes (£25), steering (£13) and suspension (£11). Petrol cost £750—phew!—and oil £10.

If foreigners visiting Paris do anything naughty—as motorists, I mean—and get caught out, a polite police officer now issues them with a ticket printed in five different languages, including English.

A CAR IS CHECKED FOR ROAD-WORTHINESS: It is undergoing a braking test on the pressure tester at the new road safety and vehicle testing station at Slough, in Buckinghamshire. This is the first voluntary testing-station in Britain.

These tickets set out the six chief traffic rules operating in the French capital, as follows: (1) Drive on the right. (2) Do not overtake at cross-roads. (3) Give a signal before starting, stopping or changing direction. (4) Do not use lights that dazzle. (5) Do not sound your horn except in case of immediate danger. (6) Obey the parking regulations.

The ticket also carries the following message: "You have just broken Rule —. No further action will be taken against you, but the Paris *Comité de Tourisme*, which is happy to welcome you, and the Prefect of Police, who is concerned for your safety, recommend you to be prudent. Thank you."

THE RETURN OF THE AMERICAN PONTIAC TO THE BRITISH MARKET: The Chieftain 870 four-door saloon is one of two types available to British motorists. The new models are offered in a number of colours—plain or two-tone. U.S. Concessionaires Ltd. have appointed Harold Radford, of Old Brompton Road, as their London distributors, and delivery is possible within ninety days of receipt of order by the New York factory.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Crews on the Thames

ORDEALS BY WATER

Pictures of Races and Personalities in this Year's Henley Regatta

The Royal Regatta opened this year with an unprecedented sensation. On the first day the Soviet oarsmen announced they were withdrawing. The reason was that their boats were held up in a Soviet ship, the *Strelna*, in the Thames Estuary, and the dockers, on strike, firmly refused to unload them. But no sooner was this news in the headlines than the stevedores relented to the extent of permitting the boats to be landed by the crew of the *Strelna*. At once the Russians asked to be reinstated, and in view of the exceptional circumstances, the Regatta Committee agreed to this unparalleled request. Although the standard of rowing at Henley was not as high as it has been in some recent years, there was some excellent racing in all the events, with several very close and thrilling finishes. Six trophies went overseas—the Grand and the Thames to United States crews; the Stewards', the Goblets and the Double Sculls to Russians; and the Diamond Sculls to a Pole. Queens', Cambridge, won the Ladies' and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the Visitors. Shrewsbury School were victors in the Princess Elizabeth Cup and Thames 'B' took the Wyfold Cup.

A MOST UNUSUAL FINISH AT THE ROYAL REGATTA : A few feet from the winning-post in a heat of the Princess Elizabeth Cup for Public Schools the No. 6 of Methodist College, Belfast, caught a crab and was shot out of the boat. King's School, Chester (on the left), won by a canvas. The stroke and six of the winning crew are collapsing backwards after a race which had been most closely contested over the whole distance. The total entry for this year's Henley, after scratchings, was 156.

OARSMEN BROTHERS FROM POLAND : T. Kocerka (on the left), winner of the Diamond Sculls, is congratulated after winning his first heat by his brother Henryk, who was defeated in the Polish pair for the Silver Goblets. This year there was a strong challenge by twenty-one entries from overseas clubs—from Belgium, Canada, Italy, Poland, Singapore, South Africa, the Soviet Union, Switzerland and the United States of America.

THE HENLEY SCENE : The tower of the Parish Church of Henley rises behind the waterfront as crews come into the landing-stages from practice outings. In the foreground is the eight of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and immediately behind are the crew of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, U.S.A. (in dark jerseys), who retained the Thames Challenge Cup.

A NARROW WIN FOR THE RUSSIANS : In the Grand Challenge Cup, Jesus College, Cambridge, in the foreground, are holding the Soviet Krasnoe Znamia crew. The Russians, won by only half-a-length and were then beaten next day by Vancouver R.C., Canada. The latter lost to Pennsylvania University, U.S.A., in a thrilling final.

HENLEY CENTENARIES : In the Silver Goblets, J. A. Gobbo and C. G. V. Davidge (Leander) are beating the Polish pair, H. Kocerka and B. Poniatowski. This year was the hundredth in which the Goblets have been contested. The Soviet holders won again. Another trophy marking its centenary in this Regatta was the Ladies' Plate.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SAVAGE AND THRILLING READING

A Tale of Zulus, and their Legendary Chief, Shaka Zulu; "My Story," by Sir Gordon Richards; the Autobiography of an Archæologist; and Other New Publications

WHEN one is in South Africa as a stranger, or as a foreigner, or any kind of dispassionate observer, one of the things to be noticed is that Zulus are referred to in quite different terms from any of the other races, indigenous or not. They are, in other words, referred to with a certain amount of admiration, or, at the least, respect, and never piled in to the same vast category with the other coloured peoples. It occurred to me, even, to wonder on a recent visit, whether the South Africans were themselves conscious of making this distinction or whether it sprang from a cause in their own history. Mr. E. A. Ritter, who has written about Zulus and about their legendary chief, SHAKA ZULU (Longmans. 21s.), has been admirably and exceptionally qualified for the writing of this work by his lifetime in the country. His youth he spent in Natal, with Zulu children as his first friends and their language as his first spoken words. During his upbringing he was able, like his magistrate father, to gain their confidence and know some of their Royal figures.

Shaka himself was born at the end of the eighteenth century, and the saga of the immense army he trained to conquer and pacify a territory larger than Europe, all within fifteen years, makes savage and thrilling reading.

Sir Gordon Richards knows a great deal about horses, a great, great deal about riding them, and a pretty fair amount about life in general, as it can be lived by a little miner's son who became the champion jockey and the first jockey to receive the honour of knighthood. Now that he has written his autobiography, MY STORY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), he not only has a very good account to give of himself, forthright, clearly stated and modest without being coy, but also engages in some admirably plain speaking. For instance, he writes at one point: "This is the story of a successful life, and so, I suppose, I shall not be able to escape giving, here and there, the impression of conceit. All right; let me say at once . . . that I simply do not see why a man should not be pleased with what he has been able to achieve all on his own, so long as he does not become a bore about it, and so long as he is prepared to admit that maybe somebody at some time has helped him."

Sir Gordon admits that handsomely, and I may add that he is never a bore about it, whether he is discussing Steve Donoghue, that "lovable, carefree character," or the running of a difficult horse, or the dangers of a physical or nervous breakdown, or his long-deferred Derby win—"Her Majesty wished me luck, and I wished her luck."

What a good title Dr. O. G. S. Crawford has chosen for his *Autobiography of an Archæologist*: SAID AND DONE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) has a Parker-esque simplicity and significance. Not surprisingly, it reflects the humour of the author, who is the editor of that distinguished quarterly, *Antiquity*, and one of the most energetic scholars of our days. Dr. Crawford's interest in archæology started at a very early age, and in his final (and highly amusing) chapter of generalities, he admits that he still prefers things to people. He also enjoys wholemeal bread, smoked eels, and thinks alcohol is splendid stuff, though his normal drinks are water and lime-juice. Dogs, card-playing, loud noises, British cooking and Roman ruins come high on his list of dislikes, but he thinks highly of geology and meteorology as "standbys," even for the amateur. For himself, he admits a liking for being alone in a desert.

I should add at this point that the major part of the book is devoted to accounts of field work and excavations all over Europe for the past forty years and more, and that as a scientific as well as a human document, Dr. Crawford's work has everything to recommend it.

PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is an enchanting memoir of family life in England, and mostly in the vicinity of Windsor Great Park, in the first quarter of this century. A charming, tolerant mother, an affectionate, erratic, despotic father, and a big brood of children filled and enlivened the successive houses which, at least in the early years of the author's life, were on the grand scale. Miss Ann Bridge brings her own good sense, as well as her own style, to these typically writer's memoirs and, describing the interest that her mother showed in the gardens of one of the places, adds that at that time her father's income "was seldom less than £80,000 a year. This with income-tax at under a shilling in the pound! No wonder my mother had a free hand in the garden." Miss Bridge's mother was born and bred in New Orleans, the daughter of a slave-owner and herself brought up by slaves. Her memories of those days, of the Civil War and its aftermath, form an integral part of this family history.

MODELS OF THE FIRST GUIDED MISSILE ARE HANDED OVER ON LOAN TO THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM: Watched by the inventor, Mr. A. M. Low (centre), Lord Brabazon (right) presents models of two weapons to Mr. L. R. Bradley, Director of the Museum. The model being presented is a replica of Mr. Low's "flying bomb" which was flown experimentally in 1917. On the table is the model of his wireless-steered rocket of 1918. Some of the actual control gear of the bomb was also presented.

RUSSIAN FRENZY (Elek. 16s.) is an account of a recent four-year imprisonment in a Russian camp within the Arctic Circle. Mr. W. E. R. Piddington disappeared from a pleasant Surrey hotel exactly five years ago and was lost, at least from Western sight, until last year, when he was handed back by the Russians to a Foreign Office representative in Berlin. His offence had been illegal entry into the Russian Zone of Germany, in pursuit of a German girl friend. His punishment was a heavy sentence, endless interrogation, countless beatings and experiences in Siberian labour camps which make this book sombre reading indeed. Luckily, Mr. Piddington is tougher than the early photographs suggest, and he survived to give a few beatings of his own, to order a double-breasted suit, "full drape," in Moscow, and to write this lusty indictment.

Mrs. Evan Knox Witte is the American wife of a Russian nobleman, described as an ex-baron, though how a man can cease to be a baron even if he lived in a democracy, is difficult to understand. Perhaps in the United States there is a form of social exorcism. Anyway, GATHERING NO MOSS (Robert Hale. 16s.) is Mrs. Witte's story of her unconventional courtship, her happy marriage and the years that have followed with their many journeys, first of all from wartime Washington to New England and a rainy honeymoon, then to Alaska, New York and, finally, New Hampshire. This is a cheerful, even a jaunty book, following the contemporary pattern of female autobiographers in America.

First among the novels this week is Mr. Robert Ruark's SOMETHING OF VALUE (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), a strongly-limned portrait of Kenya in the hard-working, difficult but neighbourly and occasionally hilarious days after the First World War and until the beginning of the Mau Mau horrors and the state of war which they have provoked. Mr. Ruark has lived in Kenya and understands it more profoundly than even the most brilliant casual visitor. He has studied African customs and lore, and he has seen for himself some of the beastliness which is Mau Mau. As other informed writers have told us, and in spite of some passages of hideous realism in the present book, Mr. Ruark holds that there are beliefs and actions in the Mau Mau code too terrible to commit to paper. What he has shown us of the corruption by fear and bestiality of a once-fine way of life is enough to remind the reader that this threat to civilisation is none the less dangerous for being, at present, localised.

HELL'S PAVEMENT (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is indeed a novel about good intentions, as its title would suggest, and they are just that kind of rigidly good intentions that most people find difficult to endure. Josephine Bell, who, parenthetically, also writes extremely good thrillers, has here devoted herself to an examination of what happens to a woman's emotional life if she lets her professional competence dominate it. It can be a fatal mistake, and so it is, or very nearly, in this well-observed and very human story. Much of the action takes place in and around a hospital, and that, again, Miss Bell handles with experienced skill.

Mr. Evan Hunter has written a hair-raising story about a New York school, referred to by one of its staff as the garbage-can of the New York educational system. THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE (Constable. 12s. 6d.) is both highly informative and shocking. It has moments of sentimentality and more moments of brutality, and it could well have been sub-titled "Or Knives in the Classroom."

There are few writers less ham-strung by their own conventions than Mr. Robert Payne, who appears to be equally happy and, what is more rewarding for the reader, equally well-informed when writing about fifteenth-century Indian Courts or a little New England colony in Charles II's reign. This is the scene of his new novel, HARVEST (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), which describes the adventures of a young boy growing up with Red Indians as his friends, and reaching manhood to find himself engaged in peculiarly cruel war against them. The story is based on existing papers, and of part of it Mr. Payne has written that "though exceedingly improbable [it] is true."

THE TAMING OF CARNEY WILDE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a good American thriller with the unusual setting of a river steamer on the Mississippi, heading for New Orleans and Mardi Gras, but with an unscheduled addition to the passenger list in a bank-robbing murderer. Mr. Bart Spicer has a crisp way with his prose and an ingenious way with his plot. Recommended.

CANADA IN REVOLT

Margaret Bellasis Tells the Story of Red Mackenzie

A fiery-tongued little rag of a red-haired leader, who came much too close to the line dividing rash impulse from naked craziness, was a general public estimate of William Lyon Mackenzie. He was the Scottish immigrant, the radical journalist, the O'Connell of Canada, the leader in the first half of the last century of so-called pocket revolt which, none the less, had all the characteristics of a national rising. In her admirable account of this battle, so often dismissed by historians as a mere episode in the development of Canadian self-government, Margaret Bellasis has produced an enthralling story of personal adventure and a stimulating contribution to Canadian history.

The fiery Mackenzie was born near Dundee in 1795 and emigrated to Canada in 1820. Soon afterwards he started a newspaper, *The Colonial Advocate*, in order to focus the discontent felt in Upper Canada at the arbitrary acts of a small controlling clique. It was Mackenzie's abortive march on Toronto in 1837 after he had set up a provisional Government that forced him to flee to the United States.

"RISE, CANADIANS!" (Hollis and Carter. 21s.) reveals the personality of a man of amazing vigour and restless cleverness who, had he only been backed by some share of judgment, discretion and constructive ability, might have been allowed unquestioned greatness. As it was he touched men's hearts exceedingly, and unquestionably he played his part in the national development of his country. He was the goad and the gadfly, or, to change the metaphors, the trumpet that sounded the onset, the spark that fired the train. Mackenzie was always the bravest of fighters and he never owned himself defeated. Miss Bellasis, by brilliant insight and careful research, has helped us to an understanding of this strange man who mingled in his personality so many discordant extremes, but whose hunger and thirst after justice no man of his own day or any other could deny.

Clothing the bare bones of Egyptian history with light and life and colour is a task which can be undertaken only by one who has immersed himself in all the great unwieldy mass of evidence, which patient excavation has revealed to us in the course of centuries. Leonard Cottrell has done this, and now for the layman's delight he tells the story of LIFE UNDER THE PHARAOHS (Evans. 16s.). He attempts to give a factual account of daily life in the household of the Vizier Rekhmire, who actually lived in the reign of Tuthmosis III (1500 B.C.) and whose tomb stands in Thebes to-day. He does so in most lively fashion. One meets Rekhmire himself, accompanying him on his round of official duties. We watch the craftsmen and the labourers at work, stroll in the crowded and noisy market, go to school with Rekhmire's son, and have a glimpse of the young lovers who meet under parental supervision. This is a grand piece of work, popular in style, serious in intent, and in every way delightful.

Sir Charles Petrie, who has been a member of the Carlton Club since 1921, has also served as a member of its committee. He has now completed the task of writing the club's history, THE CARLTON CLUB (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.). He has made excellent use of his rich and rare material. Gladstone, who was a member of the club for twenty-seven years, was apparently nearly pitched out of the window by some irate young Tories, and later there was much ado over his subscription. So much of political importance happened in the club that the servants in earlier days often sold the club's secrets to the Press. All the great Tory leaders, from Peel to Winston Churchill, appear in these pages, and the author has much to say of the famous Carlton Club meetings in the earlier years of the present century.

Viscount Gontran de Montague de Poncins as an explorer, a wandering dishwasher, stoker and seaman has taken the opportunity of observing life closely. Whether in the Arctic, the jungle, the South Seas or the slums of New York, his keen observation never seems to falter. THE GHOST VOYAGE (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is an account of a 4,600-mile sea trip from Coppermine in the Arctic, through the Bering Strait and down to Vancouver. He ships aboard the *Audrey*, a former rum runner owned by two trappers, Art and Slim, who are the author's only shipmates during the fifty-five-day cruise. This is a grand story superbly told, a story of fog, gales, misery and hardship, and it is excellent autobiography into the bargain.

Also from the region of the Arctic Circle comes Anita Conti's DEEP SEA SAGA (William Kimber. 18s.). The author spent five months aboard a trawler with a crew of sixty men. They operated as far north as the limits of pack ice, and from start to finish it was an incessant struggle with the elements. The author has brought back some superb photographs and one could only wish there were more of them.

In FESTIVE PAPUA (Staples. 12s. 6d.) André Dupeyrat describes his life among the stone-age people of South-Eastern New Guinea, folk who live much as their forbears must have done at the dawn of history. Father Dupeyrat focusses his attention on a single group, the Fuyughés, and he studies them through that most impressive and spectacular of all tribal manifestations, the Gabé, or Great Dance.

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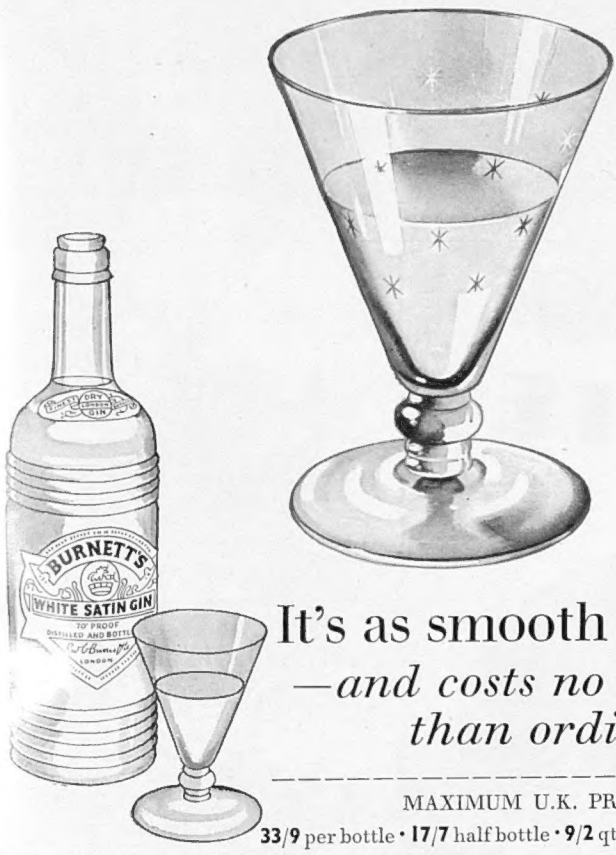

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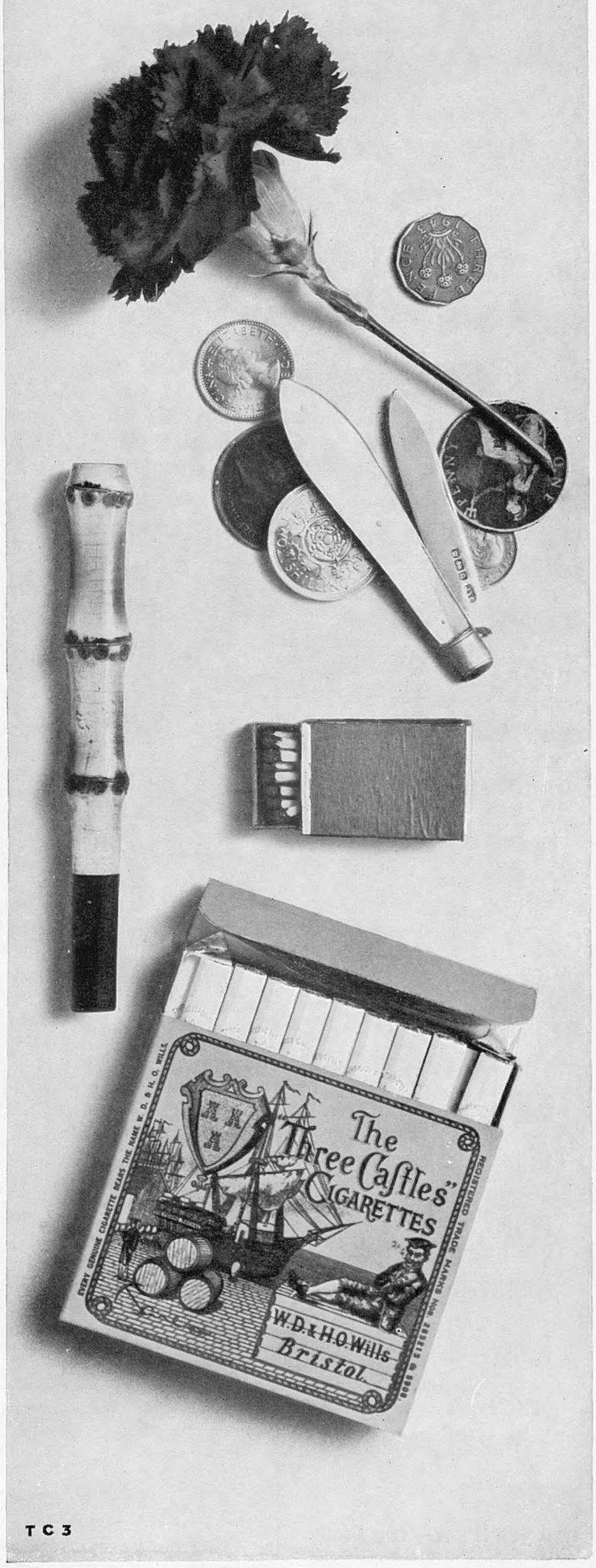

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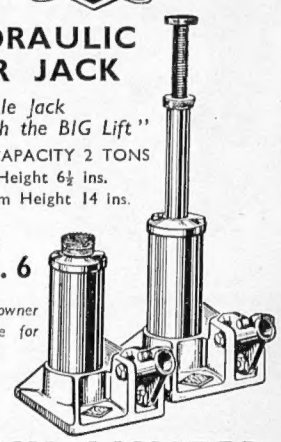

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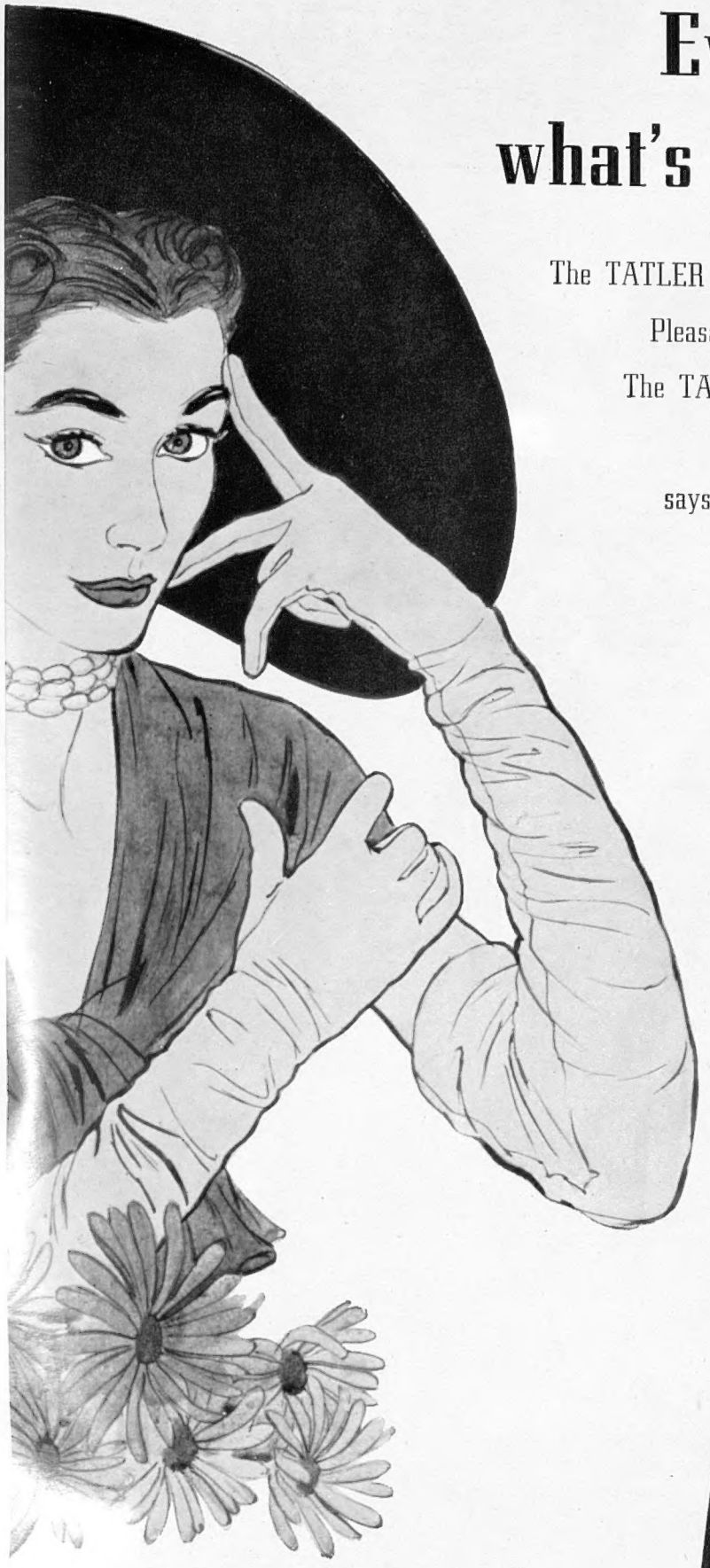

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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

THE arms illustrated are those of Sydney Earl of Godolphin, third son of Sir Francis Godolphin descended from an ancient family of that name that settled at Godolphin in Cornwall.

Born in 1645 and placed in the house of King Charles II at an early age, he became a Page of Honour at 17, Groom of the Bedchamber at 27, and Master of the Robes six years later. Besides this, he sat in Parliament for Helston from 1668-1679 and for St. Mawes from 1679-1681.

He took part in the 1678 Nimeguen Peace negotiations in Holland and a year later was made a Lord of the Treasury.

In James II's reign, Lord Godolphin sided with Sunderland against the King, but remained in the King's service first as Secretary of State and later as Keeper of Cranborne Chase in Windsor Great Park, until William III's accession in 1689. He was then re-appointed a Treasury Commissioner, being head of the commission from 1690-1696.

With the accession of Queen Anne, he became Lord High Treasurer and headed the Government for the next eight years, being active in promoting Union with Scotland. In 1706, he was appointed a member of the commission for settling the terms of the Union.

His only son Francis married Henrietta Churchill daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough in 1698.

The Blazon of his Arms is 'Gules a Double headed Eagle displayed between three Fleur-de-Lis Argent' and for a crest 'On a wreath of the colours a Dolphin Sable'. The supporters of his arms were two Eagles Reguardant Argent, and the motto 'FRANC HA LEAL ETO GE' which is the Cornish for 'Free and Loyal art thou'.

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1955. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1905.